

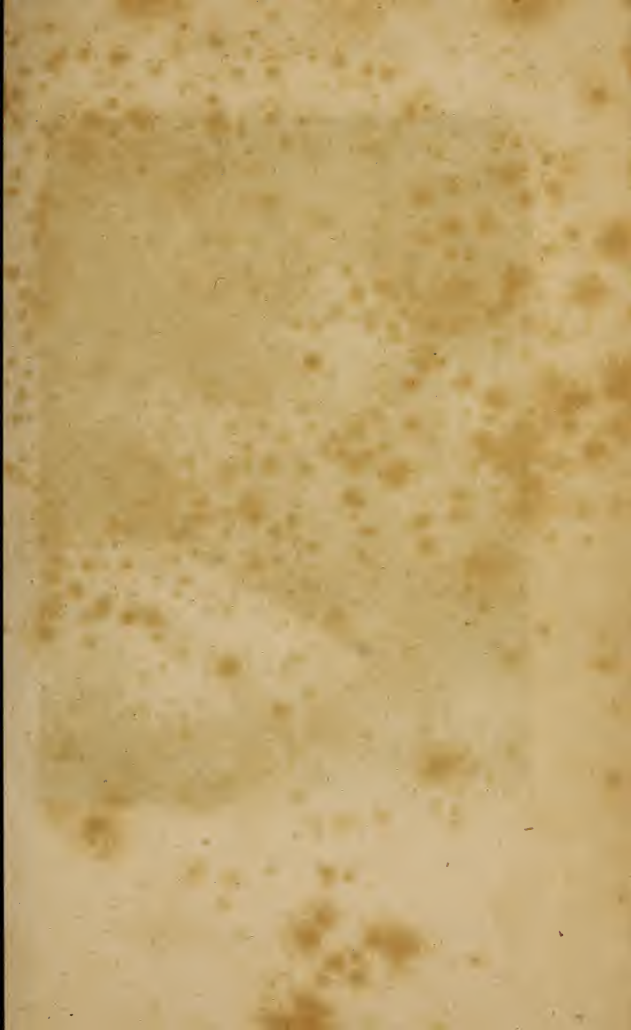
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John Allen

1806







FRONTISPIECE.



Heath sc.

page 49.

He sees! he gazes! ah! what tongue can speak?!

THE
PLEASURES
OF
L O V E.

A
POËM.

BY
JOHN STEWART, ESQ.

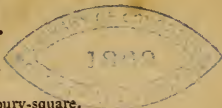
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London :

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1806.
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By T. Gillet, Salisbury-square.



A TRIBUTE

TO THE EXALTED ORDER

OF THE KLAN

PR 5499

515 P5

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38

AS

A TRIBUTE

37

TO THE EXALTED VIRTUES

OF AN ILLUSTRIOUS

HOUSE:

THE FOLLOWING POEM

IS,

BY PERMISSION,

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

TO

THE MOST NOBLE

ARTHUR MARQUIS OF DOWNSHIRE,

BY

HIS VERY GRATEFUL

AND OBLIGED SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

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THE

PLEASURES OF LOVE

IN TWO PARTS

THE
PLEASURES OF LOVE.
IN
TWO PARTS.

100

THE HISTORY OF LOVE

1787

By J. J. J.

Printed by J. J. J. in the Year 1787

THE
PLEASURES OF LOVE.

PART I.

Here in close recess,
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed,
And heav'nly quires the hymenæan sung.

MILTON.

PROSPECTUS

PROSPECTUS

OF

PART FIRST.

OF all the benevolent affections, Love is perhaps the most comprehensive in effect, and decisive in operation.

From the origin of Love, (coeval with the creation of woman,) its influence has in every age softened the sternness of manners, and polished the asperity of nature. It has mitigated the ruder passions; with the hardihood of man blended feminine delicacy; and made the stubbornness of pride not merely subservient, but auxiliary to its empire.

The benignity of this principle is universally acknowledged. In all the changes of fortune, or the vicissitudes of life, its energy and its influence are unimpaired.

In the subsequent Poem a love is spoken of as illicit. Courtesy exacts this title from the offspring of habit. But, unsanctioned by language, it should be pronounced a criminal passion : a vice arrayed in borrowed plumes but to expose its nudity ; and from which, in suitable time, those appendages are plucked, when a precise discrimination of essential requisites and boundaries becomes indispensable.

The Pleasures of Love (properly so called) neither enervate nor dispirit. They are intimately united with the finest feelings and best affections of the heart. If oppression violate the cottage of the peasant, and threaten his limbs with foreign fetters ; Love, and the smiles of his unfolding little ones, superadd irresistible claims to those of liberty and of country. Patriotism and valour nerve his arm ; and on the plain of death he wields a two-edged sword, to shield the wife of his bosom and his hereditary home.

If cruelty or revenge sever the knot of happiness, deliberate resentment impels to retribution. For “deliberate resentment (as is finely expressed by an ethical writer of celebrity) is excited only by intentional injury, and therefore implies a sense of justice, or of moral good and evil.” This majestic impulse is variously modified by the distinct gradations of civilization and society.

There exists but one affection of the human mind capable of being dignified with the appellation of love: pure, disinterested, and progressive. This affection ennobles, exalts, expands, the sensitive heart; and on ruder nature stamps an impression proportionably mild.

Illicit attachment mingles no real enjoyment with its criminal pursuits. It inspires no emulous propensity, no intrepidity of virtue. It is an ignis fatuus that entices the giddy and the inexperienced into ruin.

The influence of love extends to every limit of the habitable world. It actuates every class of rational existences; the fair European, the tawny Asiatic, and the sable Æthiopian. The quivered Indian feels in primitive force the ardour of its power; and, isolated from the refinements of society, is alive only to unsophisticated nature. From its inspiration the feathered shafts “unerring fly;” and the thirsty lance drinks with surer aim the blood of its victim.

At the hour of midnight the Spaniard wakes his guitar to chase the slumbers of his mistress. The melting serenade dissipates her

dreams, and from eyes that irradiate the solitary hour, flashes unutterable eloquence.

Love also inspires, on numberless occasions, the desire of emulation. Its pervading enthusiasm plumes the pinion of the muse, imparts a finer edge to the statuary's chisel, and nature's tints to the animated canvass. It enriches at once the source of our pleasures, and of ingenuity.

When sleep has locked the senses in oblivion, Love still conjures up the gay delusion. Fancy images new creations: and Hope, whilst she fashions the energies of fortitude, weaves the brow with her brightest roses.

The pursuits of avarice and ambition can never realize such charms, even in their most fortunate attainment. The satisfaction they induce in fruition is comparatively fugitive. But the impressions and enjoyments of virtuous love, unaffected by contingencies, are equally durable and lively.

PLEASURES OF LOVE.

PART I.

O'ER Heaven's high arch the infant Hours unfold
The Orient Morn, in canopy of gold,
From silver urns their balmy showers effuse,
And bathe her silk cheeks in ambrosial dews;
Now peep the smiles, the vermeil dimples dawn; 5
And hues of saffron streak the azure lawn;
Now, hinged on pearl, she turns in bright display
The eastern portals reddening into day,
Whose genial blush bids new creations spring,
And warm with life, their natal anthem sing. 10

Thus the mute canvas, touch'd by Genius, lives,
And fairy worlds the mimic pencil gives ;
Up-spring the hills, with cots romantic crown'd,
The ivied towers, the sloping vales around,
The glittering waves that roll in limpid pride ; 15
The bending woods that clothe the glassy tide,
Charm'd we survey, where not a tint was seen,
Attractive graces harmonize the scene !

Lo ! 'mid the ambient blue new lustres beam,
Fire the dun shade, and o'er the concave stream, 20
As the new Sun through ether's fulgid course
Now shot benign in vivifying force ;
With arrowy ægis lit the sapphire main,
And bathed, in fluid gold, the ripening plain ;
Flush'd the full blade, his mellow beauties shed, 25
And o'er the earth her vital glories spread.

Here glow the flowers soft-dipt in Fancy's loom,
That smile in tears, in rays caloric bloom ;

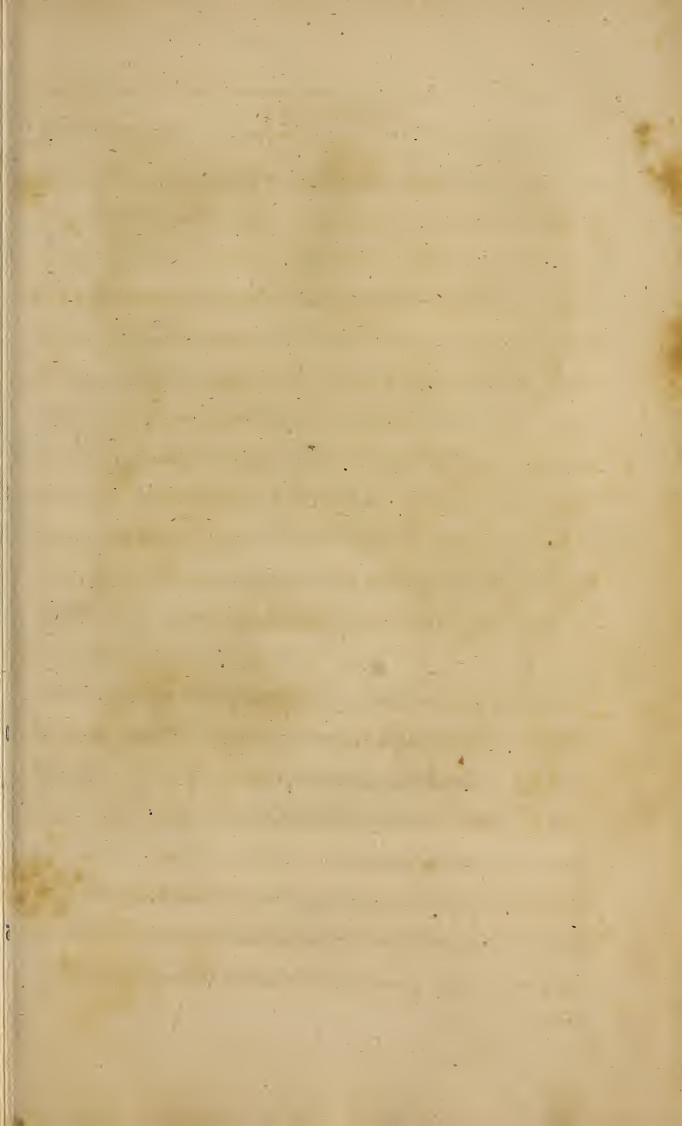
Round the fond elm the ruby tendril throws
The fruit full ripen'd, and the bud that blows ; 30
The down-wove peach, the lily's virgin bell,
Bask in the blaze, with hue prolific swell :
There, girt in foam, the stores of ocean roll,
And lash the strand, impatient of controul.

See ! the warm clay, in mould celestial plann'd, 35
Roll the blue eye, and poise the sinewy hand !
Life's gushing tides a kindling glow impart,
And fire the veins successive from the heart :
It moves, it speaks, complete the matchless plan—
Majestic beauty stamps aspiring man ! 40
Soon shall the tawny sheaf, the purpling vine,
Cluster in gold, in tumid nectar shine ;
For him the gilded spoil, the honied store,
Load every sea, and burnish every shore.

How vain the charms in bounteous nature drest, 45
To beam contentment on the care-worn breast !

No jocund draught can pleasure's balm dispense,
If cold satiety arrest the sense ;
No mild luxuriance, no enamell'd sky,
Paint the blanch'd cheek, or point the rayless eye : 50
But Hope with Ariel-wand, her visions gives,
And rich with bliss the magic landscape lives.
She to new joy can rouse th' enthusiast heart,
And sweeter hours and softer scenes impart ;
The silken tresses, and the neck of snow, 55
The smiles that sparkle, and the tears that flow,
The blush, the glance, the languor, and the sigh,
In soft succession, as she calls, move by.

In Music light awoke the Seraph's song,
Where crown'd with palms Euphrates glides along, 60
And fairy woods in gay reflection pass,
The spangled fruitage nodding from the glass ;
As by the margin slept the blushing Fair,
On scented thyme that dew'd her silken hair ;
But ah ! not yet her eyes of liquid blue 65
Had tried their power, and gloried to subdue !





Heath sc.

In the clear wave her sportive image spies.

Not half so pure, the crystal tears adorn
The violets mild sweet-opening to the morn.

In Eden shades with flowers eternal crown'd,
Where citron arbours breathed their odours round ; 70
Primæval Love first view'd, with blushes warm,
Each flexile beauty and each orient charm ;
In the clear wave her sportive image 'spies
Come as she comes, and vanish as she flies ;
Sees rival tints a soften'd radiance speak, 75
And blend the rose and lily on her cheek ;
And all the fluttering Loves the nectar sip,
Or nestle gaily on her coral lip :
Her eyes told more than all the Muses tell,
Though sweet to passion's ear the mimic swell ; 80
Her ringlet locks with hyacinths entwined,
Gave their rich clusters to the perfumed wind,
Or now luxuriant o'er her ivory neck
In golden waves, her tumid bosom deck,
Whose crimson currents, exquisitely fine, 85
Through lucid snow in blue meanders shine :

Her buoyant limbs, in just proportion wove,
Elastic float and frolic through the grove;
In motion charm, in grace quiescent please,
With pliant swim or harmonizing ease. 90

To ravish'd man what new creations rise,
Heave his full breast, and revel in his eyes!
Love tunes his silver chord, before unstrung,
And sweet vibrations tremble on his tongue;
Each throbbing pulse unknown delights improve, 95
And new emotions all the bosom move;
By her inspired, to honour's impulse true
In life's gay morn we happiness pursue,
The soul's pure impulse gilds the ruddy cheek,
And wafts the vow no eloquence can speak! 100
For virtue blooms, and genial pleasure glows,
Where Truth and Peace and Innocence repose;
No vicious glance, the harbinger of shame,
With guilty fires pollutes the vestal flame;
No wanton wishes arm the roving eye, 105
No fiery beat inflames the kindling sigh,

No faithless lip imprints the burning kiss,
No tremors thrill to wake a fleeting bliss ;
But raptured hours in changeless measure move,
And sooth the soul to harmony and love. 110

Say not her smiles, in chains lascivious, bind
The powers of taste, the energies of mind ;
Unman the soul at Glory's patriot call,
And bid her laurels fade, her blossoms fall !
Far other issue !—no illusive ray 115
Here lures to cheat, or flatters to betray ;
But brightening hopes, in aspiration true,
With fervid march the paths of Fame pursue.
In cinctured pride, see blooming Genius spread
The silvery halo round his holy head !— 120
See Science wave her snow-white pinions o'er,
As the light Loves, to catch her music, soar !
See Patriot-virtue, fired by Love, impart
Strength to the arm, and valour to the heart,
When their dark fate the vollied thunders shed, 125
And wide are seen the dying and the dead !

Point but the goal where honest danger lies,
His home, his loves, his liberty, the prize,
And frowning ruin gladdens in his eyes !

On yonder summit, round whose air-hung steep 130
In giddy chase the Alpine breezes sweep,
The Switzer-shepherd cheats the happy day,
And blythe his pipe, and blythe his lambkins play.
Suzette with smiles rewards the votive lays,
Her kiss his meed, her thanks his sweetest praise. 135
No gambols please, no chaplets weave his hair,
No note melodious and no landscape fair,
If Suzette frown ;—then fled is Michel's joy,
Unheeded shine the glaciers of Savoy ;
Whose frozen tops, beyond the rapid Thun, 140
In hoary radiance glisten to the sun.
Suzette was fair, her plaited locks behind
In light festoons the graceful ribbons bind ;
The hat of straw half-veil'd her brunette face ;
A scarlet jacket clasp'd the rustic Grace ; 145

Her bright-blue kilt embroidered low with red
The polish'd knee, a fringing curtain, spread. ⁽¹⁾
With sportive steps the allemande she wove,
Or trill'd in simple notes the strain of love ;
While the rapt youth in fond delirium leans, 150
And drinks of love, and wonders what it means !
When lo ! Oppression bared his blood-stain'd arm,
O'er calm Helvetia roll'd the loud alarm, ⁽²⁾
The patriot-trumpet blew with clangour clear,
And roused to arms the gallant mountaineer : 155
His cradled home he quits at honour's call,
Climbs the wood-cliff and stems the torrent's fall ;
Bounds o'er the heath where erst in happier hours
For his Suzette he cull'd the Alpine flowers,
And twined the rural crown with pleasing care, 160
To braid the ringlets of her yellow hair ;
The red-lipp'd cherries pluck'd, his Fair to please,
And spread the brimming pail, the fragrant cheese,
As mid enamell'd thyme his browsing flock
Cropt the young flowers, or scaled the nodding rock.

But now his bosom feels the patriot swell, 166
That fired for Schwitz the generous soul of Tell;
Nerved his firm arm to avenge his country's wrong,
And wing'd the shaft embalm'd in deathless song.

But fond Suzette (what will not lovers dare?) 170
Her Michel's toils resolved, unknown, to share;
With walnut-bronze disguised her beauteous face,
Robb'd of each charm, each mild attractive grace;
Her pencil'd brow a bolder arch assumes,
And her fair head sustains the warrior-plumes: 175
By Michel's side in every risk she stood,
His gory path through hostile troops pursu'd.
In vain the fiery chasseurs sweep the ground,
In vain the red artillery thunders round:
Nor flashing fate inclines her soul to yield, 180
Nor sabres gleaming through the well-fought field.
O'er piles of shatter'd arms, and hills of slain,
She guards her lover on the crimson'd plain;
While dying groans and vaunts of prowess sound;
And Earth and Heaven the mingled cries confound!—

The parent-bird thus shields her callow young, 186
Unfledged their down, their infant-plumes unstrung,
Thus potent instinct bids her hover near,
Through ether's vast their giddy flight to steer ;
With pilot-wing invites their first essay, 190
'Till bold and firm they cleave the azure way.

When near Lausanne the Patriot legions fought, (³)
And fame and freedom in the battle sought ;
His ivied cot again each peasant view'd,
His speckled cliffs and native mountain-wood ; 195
And left the fateful toil, the loud alarms,
For the calm refuge of his fair-one's arms.
Michel again re-treads with eager joy
The hill that show'd the glaciers of Savoy :
Hears, with fond pride, his native choral song 200
Mount from each vale, and swell the hills along,
As jocund youths, in flowery chaplets bound,
Twine with soft nymphs, and beat the festive ground.
High throbs his heart, as round his honest brow
Suzette's white hands the victor garland throw ; 205

And soon he hears, for soon her lips confest
The pure emotions of her faithful breast,
How Love impell'd her to th' embattled strife ;
With guardian arm to fence her Michel's life ;
And fann'd with vivid breath the hero-flame, 210
To give her hardy Mountaineer to fame.

Propt on Morgarten's beamy height, (⁴)

Ah ! see Helvetia's Genius stand !

Her eye of glory dimly bright ;

Unnerv'd her adamantine hand, 215

Musing she points her lovely land,

To ruffian-pride a hapless prey ;

And, lingering, waves on Freedom's band

Once more to crush a tyrant's sway.

On Reding's lance she pensive leans, (⁵) 220

And eyes the warlike dead below ;

And culls from Time his brightest scenes,

And bids the sainted dust to glow.

Unfelt, the Alpine breezes blow ;
Unseen, the nimble chamois bound ; 225
Unheard, the tumbling torrents flow,
And fleet marmottos frisk around.

Spirit of Life ! (she sighs) attend,
And rouse from sleep the mighty dead ;
The sinewy arm of valour bend, 230
And plume again the warrior's head ;
Helvetia mourns ; for Freedom bled,
When Gallia yoked her dragon-car ;
And, on by scowling Treason led,
Pour'd wide the crimson floods of war. 235

Ah ! yet in fire's immortal stream ;
For battle steel the hero-heart ;
In battle's day, in glory's beam,
Thy thunders to each arm impart ;
Let tyrant-guilt affrighted start, 240
As pale he views each falchion rear :

His arrows then Remorse shall dart,
And the foul breast heave deep with fear.

O'er sea-girt Albion still may Peace display
Her seraph smiles and swell her festive lay ! 245
Her dauntless youth in every clime carest,
Her graceful fair the loveliest and the best :
O'er arts and arms her generous people reign,
Woo the rich soil, and crowd the subject main !
And still, as Commerce guides her bold career, 250
From shore to shore the helm shall Justice steer !

Ye blushing fair that on the Muses smile,
The pride, the glory of yon gallant isle !
Your charms relume, your timid lustres dart,
And urge the blood's brisk eddy 'round the heart ! 255
No daring foe shall win your snowy arms,
Or tread, unblest, your paradise of charms ;
No haughty stranger wring the struggling tear,
Or pluck the warrior-garland from the bier ;

With impious scorn insult the tomb ye mourn, 260
The laurell'd bust, the monumental urn !

And should the war-toned bugle rouse to fight,
For freedom, fame, and beauty's soft delight ;
By Glory braced, each buoyant arm shall wield
Resistless thunders o'er the tented field ; 265
Each breast shall feel the mighty cause its own,
And fence invincible the patriot throne ;
With loyal pride, each hand the sword shall wave,
Our King, our laws, our liberties, to save.

O ! ne'er may war's dread hecatombs again 270
With gushing life-streams purple Erin's plain ;
No iron furies whet th' enthusiast spear,
By Frenzy couch'd, to persecution dear !
But rather, blithe Content through every vale,
Pluck the ripe fruit ; the yellow harvest hail ; 275
Each liberal breast expand at Reason's call,
And God and Country prove alike to all.

Lo ! on that gory beach, the murderers slew
The guiltless Indians of the light canoe ! (6) 279
And Love's last pray'r, when flew the leaden death,
In quick short pantings sigh'd the lingering breath :
Each martyr'd form one only hope consign'd ;
It lives, a phœnix-talisman, behind !
Its impulse fires the Mingo chief to arms ;
'The dusk-brown warrior sounds the shrill alarms ; 285
His rattling shafts, his flint-tipt spear assumes,
And o'er his bronzed brow wave the scarlet plumes.
Though when white Peace her budding olive sway'd
His love avenged, he scour'd the forest-shade ;
No more with her he wings the pathless plain, 290
Or bounds triumphant o'er the billowy main ;
Still, still he shuns the whirlwind of the soul,
The wine that sparkles and the plighted bowl ;
And shrinks, in frenzy, at the 'crusted sword,
Drunk with the crimson of the breast adored. 295

Oft as he mused where all he loved reclined,
Each long lost vision 'bodied on the wind ;

Would plastic Hope recall the happy hours,
The hut, the swift canoe, the plantain bowers;
Oft o'er his glowing cheek would sorrow stream, 300
As faded scenes came brighten'd on his dream!

Thus wild through Enna's fields the goddess flies, (7)
With locks unbound and sad imploring eyes;
Pursues her midnight search the fair to gain,
O'er laughing mead, sweet stream, and painted plain;
To each gay grove her dragon-coursers bend, 306
On each gay grove her Ætna-fires descend;
The floating girdle, as forlorn she strays,
With fatal truth the deed of guile betrays;
And Ceres mourns as bathed in pity's flow, 310
Sweet Arethusa weeps the tale of woe.

See! Love's bright torch illumes the Sestian tower
With anxious blaze, and chides the lingering hour.
Now bold Leander to the signal flies,
Feels Hero's smile, and kindles in her eyes: 315

Gives his brave bosom to the dashing wave,
Though drear the night and loud the tempest rave !
Crested in foam o'er Hellespont he rides,
Love nerves his arm, and Love his voyage guides ;
His eye unwearied marks the pilot-star, 320
While his fond mistress points the goal afar :
Soon near the crooked shore, he springs to land,
And bounds exulting o'er the yellow strand.
Thus Jove's dread bird, to gain his air-built nest,
Cleaves ether's ocean with undaunted breast ; 325
The dangerous height still scans with piercing eye,
The sun his signal, and his home the sky.

How changed the scene, when mimic smiles decoy,
And paint the phantoms of unhallow'd joy !
Illicit passion owns no angel charm, (8) 330
Inspires no throb so sensitively warm,
No zest of mind with transient grace combines,
No virtue feels, no happiness designs.
Deluded man, no more the wise and brave,
Lives but to sigh, a painted syren's slave ; 335

Unblest he roves through guilt's licentious wild,
Smiles at his fall and sues to be beguiled ;
From Valour's crown, from Reason's triumph flies,
And yields a world to fall a woman's prize.

When down the Cydnus Ægypt's galley roll'd, (9) 340
Her keel, her sails, her streamers streak'd with gold,
With painted plumes while mimic Cupids blow
The gelid airs, to fan the rising glow ;
While silver flutes melodious panted 'round,
And silver oars replied to music's sound ; 345
And eager crowds, half-bending from the shore,
Caught the soft strains the rippling waters bore :
The chief, whose brow imperial conquest graced,
Whose sun of glory half the globe embraced,
Empire resign'd ; betray'd the soldier's fame, 350
And dimm'd the splendour of a Roman name ;
On fate's dread brink slept in lascivious arms,
And drunk of death from Cleopatra's charms ;
On Actium's day the coward fair-one fled,
While the war thunder'd, and the battle bled ; 355

Still perch'd on high his veteran eagles stood,
Flapp'd their bold wings and hail'd the reddening flood,
'Till fatal Love the hero's sails unfurl'd,
And lost the sceptre of a subject world.

Cool'd in the gales of yon Ægean isle, 360
O! wilt thou bask in Beauty's angel-smile ; (1°)
And hear Pelides, screen'd in arbours gay,
Breathe to the Doric lute his soul away ?
Or see the man of wisdom, wise no more,
Calypso's form, Calypso's smiles adore ; 365
And not confess the wanton's beauties lead
The victim-heart, to bid it's virtues bleed ?

Illicit love there kindles war's alarms, (11)
To Ilium guides the western world in arms ;
Bids penal fire in rage avenging play, 370
Unbars the Scæan gate and points the way :
In crashing piles the regal palace falls,
And smouldering ruin wraps the heaven-built walls.

Lo ! Thais leads ; the furious torches fly, (¹²)
Hiss o'er the marble roofs and glaze the sky ; 375
The sculptured scenes in awful grandeur fade,
The towering dome, the breezy colonnade.

Here, when Armida weaves the mystic spell, (¹³)
And fancy's visions o'er the landscape swell ;
Remote from glory's camp, and honour's band, 380
Rinaldo yields to Beauty's soft command ;
In dalliance lost, in sloth luxurious laid,
He hails the nectar'd bower, the silk arcade.
Yet when the shield displays, in wild surprize, (¹⁴)
The flower-wove ringlets and the love-sick eyes ; 385
Th' inverting mirror shows the happier way,
That leads to fame's interminable day.

The way-worn trav'ler thus, in cool retreat,
Hides him at noon from summer's sultry heat ;
Some daisied hillock props his languid head, 390
And sweet he slumbers on his grassy bed ;

'Till from the yellow moss at evening springs
The warbling lark, and softly-plaintive sings ;
Amazed, he starts ; then sees the waning day,
With parting blushes on the foliage play ; 395
And, o'er the russet lawn, he gaily flies,
As hopes of home in fond succession rise.

When first on earth, illumined from above,
The spotless bosom felt the glow of Love ;
Each thought was chaste, each sympathy confest ;
Each only wish, in blessing, to be blest ; 401
Each hope, the mutual transport to impart,
And waft the pure vibrations to the heart.

But ah ! how changed ! no more perennial here,
Primæval love, the hours of life endear ! 405
Fled are the joys sweet peace had made her own,
When in the eye her chaste expression shone ;
And bright content her blended hues would throw,
In all the radiance of the humid bow.

Yet still the Muse aspires to woo the fair, 410
Whose hearts unbought the Loves and Virtues share ;
Who see, unenvy'd, all that chance bestows,
That springs from wealth, or from ambition flows.

O ! lay me by Cettina's wave, (¹⁵)
Where Koter's vales of beauty spread ; 415
And Naiads of Narenta lave,
From living urns, the floral bed.

For, there, the eyes ingenuous speak ;
And, there, the heart responsive owns
The glance of hope that robes the cheek, 420
The voice that melts in softest tones !

When Love's sweet influence seizes on each vein,
And the thrill'd nerves imbibe the pleasing pain ;
It's dove-like glances dart the timid eye,
The faltering melodies unfinish'd die ; 425
Unwonted extasies, in rapture, rove ;
Unwonted pangs disclose the throbs of Love.

Th' intrepid youth who quits his native shore,
From Fortune's lap to glean the golden store ;
And treads with patient pain a foreign soil, 430
By imaged love beguiles the task of toil :
O'er arid plains though sad his course he bend,
Her visions light his votive dreams attend ;
Illusive Fancy blends her gaudiest hue,
To picture beauties magically true ; 435
Dispense o'er ebon shades a lucid power,
And chase the clouds that wrap the sombre hour.

Thus where Pomona, cradled by the storm, (¹⁶)
Bares to the frigid blast her rocky form,
In light succession airy dancers fly, 440
And skim with vivid fires the northern sky.
Refulgent columns gild with quivering light
The wintry pall, and stud the throne of night ;
The arrowy meteors charm the gazing throng,
And sportive flashes pour the heavens along. 445

Yoke eagle wings, or course the pathless wind,
To chase the still-loved image from the mind ;
Trace every shore the loud Atlantic laves,
Or roam with Brahmins by the Ganges waves ;
Range every clime where Nature's bounties teem, 450
From Shannon's flowery banks to Jordan's stream ;
Or where the Duna's wood-crown'd ices spread,
Or warm Hoambo gilds his genial bed ;
Or mark Coanza clear, soft-gliding by,
Reflect the orange grove, the sapphire sky ; 455
Where jetty breasts divide the whispering flood,
And golden fruitage wreathes the tawny wood :
Fleet as the vollied flash, still Love pursues,
Breathes every grace and lives in rosier hues ;
Still keener points, at each remove, the dart, 460
And fires with fiercer flame the tingling heart.

In orient bloom expands the wild-wood vale,
And music's voice yet vibrates in the gale,
Where in Vaocluse resounds the Tuscan lyre,
And Laura's charms awake the poet's fire ; 465

As Echo's bugle thrills the festal grove,
To the full Pæan of the lyre of love ;
And Virtue's smiles, as on the heart they play,
Bid Fancy's wild illusions fade away.

Where gush the distant western-springs, 470
Whence Susquehanna's wave meanders ;
The copper-colour'd Indian sings,
As 'round her palm-wove hut he wanders ;
For Love he dares the hunter's toil ;
For Love he courts the shaggy spoil. 475

“ My dark-brown maid ! the locks of day
Float on yon mountain's burnish'd head ;
Up—up—my Love, and come away ;
The sun illumines the forest-bed.

For thee the tusky warrior bled ; 480
These arrows pierced the panther-prey ;
The spotted skin, the feathers red,
Shall deck my Love ;—then, come away !”

Her bow of cane she quick assumes ;
Love soon arrays the scarlet plumes. 485

What dying music steals afar ?
How softly thrums the light guitar !
Whose fingers kiss the aspen strings,
Whence undulating magic springs ?
Whose harmonizing minstrelsy 490
Bewitches thus with ecstasy ?

Ah ! catch the soft, the soothing strain ;
It dies adown the moon-light shore !
Again it swells—it sinks again :
And, now, is heard no more ! 495

Hark !—’tis the sleepless youth who moves
The vestal fair, he fondly loves !
In accents light, the whisper’d vow
Exhales its golden notes below.

S E R E N A D E.

Wing'd on leaves of new-blown roses, 500

Cupid, waft Alonzo's sigh ;

Press the lip where joy reposes ;

Light the star-beam of that eye.

Smooth her locks with laughing fingers,

Fan thy pinions o'er her breast ; 505

Urchin !—how the fond one lingers,

Archly nods, and looks so blest !

Bud of beauty, brunette fair !

Smile, thine own Alonzo's nigh ;

Wave thy locks of raven-hair ; 510

Sigh me back a softer sigh.

Wake thee, Love,—in highest noon

Rides the dancing orb of night ;

Wake thee, Love, the glittering moon

Silvers soft thy latticed height. 515

She hears—she starts with fond delight ;
The studded lattice gleams with light,
And swift, from Beauty's radiant eyes,
The smile of chaste affection flies ;
Their plighted loves again they bind, 525
'Till midnight leaves the world behind.

Yet, o'er the face though dazzling lilies blow,
And flush'd carnations dimple through the snow ;
Though Beauty's lip excel the tulip's bloom,
And twinkling joys her starry front illumine ; 530
Though winning grace had deck'd her angel mien,
In charms that please, or sportive or serene ;
If 'reft of those, that mental worth declare,
No form is lovely and no face is fair.
Still must the soul her rival lustres show, 535
And beauty's heart the springs of mercy know ;
Still temper beam, enrich'd with modest pride,
While sense and knowledge o'er the taste preside :
Or else delusive sports the fickle bloom,
Fades into air and leaves a deeper gloom. 540

Thus the bright musk-rose, pearl'd in matin dew,
Clothes every leaf in Flora's finest hue ;
And, proud she towers, or ere the vernal storm
Strip the silk leaflets of her timid form.

How soon dejected Love the veil resign'd, 545
That hope's white fingers wove for Darnley's mind ! (17)
How soon the charming queen repentant views,
A soul unmatch'd with beauty's glozing hues !

When first the Nine in groves Pierian strung
Their golden lyres, the power of Love they sung ; 550
Hence beauty's smiles a generous glow inspire ;
Hence music melts the soul or wakes to fire ;
Hence the bright marble starts, with nature warm,
Lives at each stroke, and breathes a mimic charm ;
And hence the pencil's tints, with flowing grace, 555
Paint the young Loves that sport in Beauty's face.

By her inspired, in fine proportions sprung
Those rounded limbs, in ease attractive hung ; (18)

That touching grace, so fugitive and fine,
The air so chaste, the contour so divine ; 560
The pride of symmetry by Science led,
To warm the world, from marble's chisel'd bed.

Creative, here, she blended every hue,
In the rich tints Corregio's pencil drew : (19)
With every smile, in colours chastely bright, 565
O'er sweet Albani's shed her softest light ; (20)
Combined each shade, and dipt in every grace,
That breathes enchantment o'er the sparkling face.

How mild is eve ! how gay the blossom'd vale,
Where florets twine, and azure currents sail ! 570
There Cupids laugh, and trip the jocund maze
In sportive time ; the flute Silenus plays.
One chubby boy apart, delighted lies,
Hides from the rest, and every gambol eyes ;
They nod, they smile, with arch attractive glance, 575
And urge his light steps to the feathery dance ;

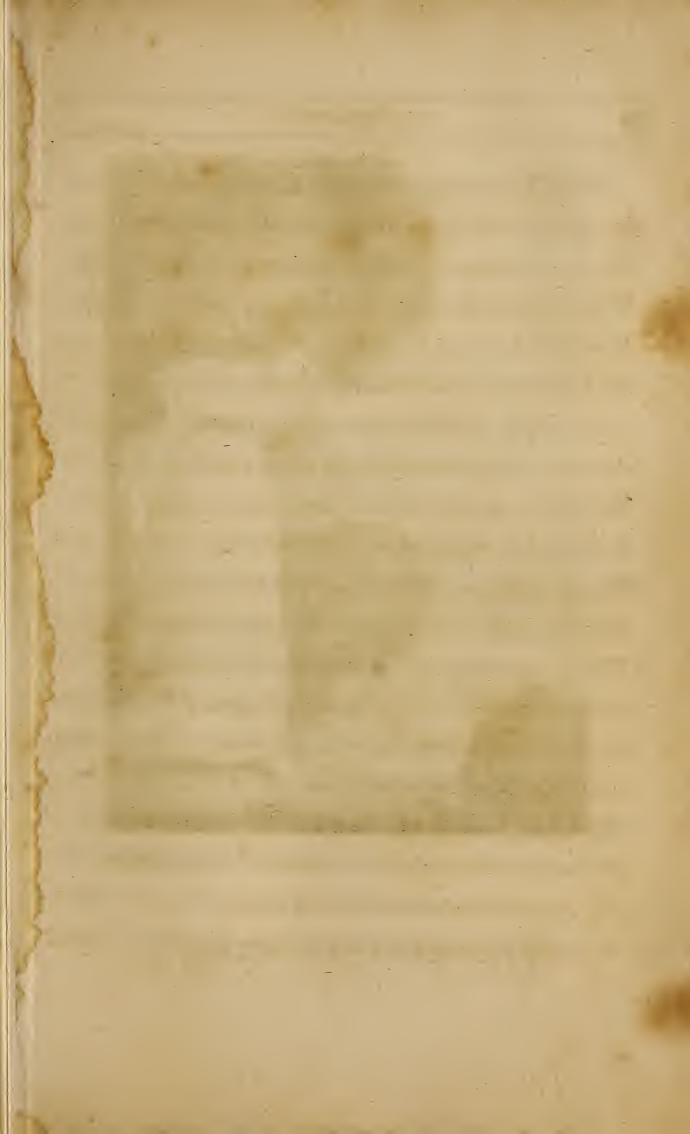
The Brother-loves would lure him, but in vain,
He lists and looks, but lolls him on the plain.
In roses crown'd melodious music, there,
Bids Orpheus woo his sweet bewitching fair,
Blue-ey'd Eurydice with golden hair. }
And, as his fingers kiss the trembling wire,
The melting strains e'en gloomy Dis inspire;
Chain the dread wheel, and warm the wondering dead,
While crowding spectres hover o'er his head. 585

Nursed in her beams, hence orphan Genius springs,
Shoots through the vast, and flaps his new-imp'd wings:
Hence ardour prompts, and glory fires the heart,
And all the virtues in succession start:
Hence in bright polish rise the manners gay, 590
And o'er the face unwonted graces play.
The ripening orb thus feeds the diamond's blaze,
And streaks it's water with refulgent rays,
Gives to each charm a hue more softly fine,
And sees o'er all a magic lustre shine. 595

Ah! catch the sigh ; and mark the hero's tear ;
They speak the feelings of a love sincere !
As Rolla's virtues, by each heart revered,
For Love renounce what Love and life endear'd ;
His Cora's grace to happier arms could give, 600
And bid the blush of pleasure ever live ;
E'en on her lips as hangs the parting kiss,
His swelling bosom owns the pensive bliss.

O'er every surge, through every fateful storm,
The distant sailor chaunts his fair-one's form ; 605
And not a sun that pours the zenith ray,
And not a cloud that hides the orb of day,
Dissolves the vision, dims the radiant smile,
Or strips sweet Fancy of her magic wile.
Through plains of ice if slow his course he steer, 610
O'er tepid waves if high his bark career ;
Where Orellana spurns the ocean's bound, ⁽²¹⁾
Or shivering Volga chills with sullen sound ;
Still undecay'd the imaged pleasures glow,
In torrid sun-beams and 'mid wastes of snow. 615

Pillow'd on hope, his temples Love reclines,
Straight 'mid his dreams the dear illusion shines ;
Silence and sleep a mimic life renew,
With softer hours and transports ever new :
Wake the light sylphs, in Fancy's court that dwell, 620
And bid the airy modulations swell ;
' Harness in gossamer' the meteor train,
And mould the tinsel coinage of the brain.
Now the fond maid attends her sailor's sigh,
Basks in his smile and revels in his eye ; 625
In spicy fields and citron-blushing bowers
Culls the gilt fruit, or crops the purple flowers :
Plucks the ripe cocoa from the nectar'd glade,
And roams delighted in Tabasco's shade ;
Or drinks the breeze that fans the cassia-wood ; 630
Or laves her white limbs in the gelid flood.
Now, by the dimpling shore at home she stands,
Marks the white sail, and ' waves her lily-hands ;'
As, soon across the scintillating foam,
Scuds the tall bark to near the rising home ! 635





Heath sc.

Now jovial hands swift ply the flying car.

Now jovial hands swift-ply the flying oar ;
Now the gay keel divides the dancing shore :—
Ah ! sweet enthusiast ! soon th' ideal breast
Clings to thine own, caressing and carest !

Thus the fond soldier, 'tired of war's alarms,' 640
Thinks on the maid that waits his manly arms ;
Intrepid climbs the sky o'er Alpine snows,
'Mid chasmy ice and wastes of terror goes :
Or toils o'er arid sands, where fiercely play
The panting fires of Æthiopian day. 645
Still gayer scenes, and joy-illumined hours,
O'er future paths diffuse their vivid flowers ;
And still he hopes, the deathful battle past,
'Home to return and clasp his love at last.'

Oft, as at night he treads the rampart's round, 650
No bugles breathe ; no winds respiring sound ;
Pensive he leans ; re-paints the fading scene,
And crowds with visions the remember'd green ;

He seeks the sparry grot ; he hears the rill ;
He treads the slope, the lawn, the oak-crown'd hill ;
He sees the hawthorn vale, the gothic spire, 656
The ivied cottage, and the cheerful fire :
Sweeps the gold broom, and robs the musky shade
Of all it's treasure for his long-lost maid ;
And sighs his suit, that once her sanction drew, 660
To Ellen plighted and to Ellen true.

Yes, sweetest power ! o'er every scene benign
Thy smiles expand, thy dear suffusions shine ;
And from the cheek when nature's roses fly,
Chase health's light blush and dim the humid eye ;
Thy balmy incense heals the canker'd woe ; 666
And in the eye thy beams of comfort glow.

Not all the argent mines of proud display,
Where rich Potosi boasts her central day !
Not the ripe seeds, which tinge with tawny ore 670
The wealthy sands of Gambia's golden shore !

Not all the cluster'd gems, whose priceless rays
With envied fires Golconda's depths emblaze ;
Can mould, like love, the inexpressive charm,
That heaves the heart, and beats the sweet alarm ; 675
Or o'er the checquer'd paths of life diffuse
One ray, to mimic Love's harmonious hues.

END OF PART FIRST.

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THE
PLEASURES OF LOVE.

~~~~~  
PART II.  
~~~~~

“Or che non puo di bella donna il pianto,
Ed in lingua amorosa i dolci detti?
Esce da vaghi labbra l'aurea catena,
Che l'alme a suo voler prende ed affrena.”

REPORT

OF THE

COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE
IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS
PASSED ON THE 11TH MARCH 1864
RELATIVE TO THE LANDS BELONGING TO THE CROWN

AND TO THE LANDS BELONGING TO THE SEVERAL
BISHOPS AND BISHOPRICES
AND TO THE LANDS BELONGING TO THE SEVERAL
UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES
AND TO THE LANDS BELONGING TO THE SEVERAL
HOSPITALS AND CHARITIES
AND TO THE LANDS BELONGING TO THE SEVERAL
CITIES AND TOWNS
AND TO THE LANDS BELONGING TO THE SEVERAL
COUNTIES AND PARISHES
AND TO THE LANDS BELONGING TO THE SEVERAL
INDIVIDUALS

PROSPECTUS

OF

PART SECOND.

HAVING discriminated the essentials of pure and illicit attachment, we established the universal influence of Love: we traced the approximating link of this affection and patriotism; we proved it intimately blended with the desire of emulation; and found it conduce to alleviate the pressure of calamity.

The Second Part of the Poem opens with a delineation of first impressions. The time and place selected are the most fascinating for their effect; a summer evening, in the climate of Italy. A sketch is given of the ardour and indelibility not unfrequently consequent on such attachments, and the joys resulting from parental benediction.

A contrast is presented between generous solicitude and unprincipled ambition; between the parent who promotes the true felicity of his offspring, and the man who barter his child for the gratifications of pride or avarice.

Even in that awful dispensation when Reason slumbers, and motley ideas whimsically chequered 'flit through the chambers of the brain,' Love operates as the spring of joy, and dances in all the bewildered mazes of thought.

The refinements of this principle the sensualist can never know. Yet even these, if unrestrained, may hurry to a culpable excess. Of this melancholy truth we have some forcible illustrations.

Love also introduces to our society the charms of her 'meek-eyed sister.' The influence of this pleasing relative improves and delights the heart; prompts to the exertions of benevolence; and ensures to the unhappy, riches in poverty and health in sickness.

In a seclusion from the busy scenes of life, we recognize the value of connubial love. Our virtues are brightened by collision;

our charities purified by intercourse; and tender pledges of affection draw closer the indissoluble knot of happiness.

The susceptibilities of honourable attachment are degraded in this “age of reason;” and the fashionable profligate insinuates the gothicism of such trammels. Yet, how dear to a sensitive heart are solitude and love!—to enjoy the variegated landscape; to steal the colours of the dawn, and catch the last smile of declining day; whilst, in the calm serenity of hope, we

“look from Nature up to Nature’s God.”

These subjects having been discussed, the Poem concludes with suggesting the utility of this affection, in many points of cardinal moment; in refining taste, and expanding intellect; in mel-
lowing the crudities of Nature, imping the wing of Genius, and embellishing the courtesies of manner: and deduces, from historical evidence, the irrefragable connection that subsists between virtue and happiness.

PLEASURES OF LOVE.

PART II.

Come, sweet-lipp'd Flora, nursed on Latian land,
With balmy kiss thy petal bloom expand ;
Thy silver bells, thy cups of bossy gold,
Thy gayest smiles, and softest tints unfold :
Wake the young Zephyrs, in thy tulip-bowers, 5
And bring thy tender dews, thy sunny showers :
And thou, sweet nymph, who bidd'st the tender vine,
Her flexile arms around her lover twine,
Pomona, come ! embalm the honied eve ;
The burnish'd sheaf, the ruddy fruitage give ; 10

Hesperian clusters o'er the foliage throw,
And teach the vegetable gold to glow :
Then wind with me the orange-shaded wave,
Where sea-flowers swim, and snowy naiads lave ;
Now bend delighted o'er the wave-wash'd sedge, 15
Now dip the white foot in the gelid edge :
Where flush'd with health the goat-maid trips along,
And carols merrily her wild-note song.

How sweet ! to roam by Baia's siren shore,
And catch the music of the dashing oar ; 20
When day's last glimmer tints the classic ground,
As Love and Silence shed their magic 'round ;
While doves responsive coo in soft retreat ;
And waves cerulean murmur at the feet !

Yes, o'er those scenes though ruin still preside, 25
And strew with many a flower the pensive tide ;
The marble columns smile in rival art,
To charm the eye and captivate the heart ;

And granite piles in rude disorder placed,
Still breathe enchantment o'er the desert waste. 30
Here warriors erst, whose nod the world subdued,
At Beauty's knee for Beauty's fetters sued ;
Rome's gallant youth, of gay and martial mien,
Graced in the barge the fascinating scene ;
To melting lutes prolong'd the pause of love, 35
And with soft echoes thrill'd the warbling grove.

In Tuscan bowers, where silvery Arno laves
The flowers and fruitage nodding o'er his waves,
Embower'd in Solitude's romantic dell,
Unseen the sweet Louisa loved to dwell. 40
Her eyes shone lambent, in pellucid blue,
Bright as the liquid gems of Hermon's dew ;
Her cheek's carnation own'd the dazzling red,
That sips the blush by Sharon's roses fed ;
In tissue fine the auburn tresses deck 45
Her shoulders fair, and climb her ivory neck ;
In ringlets smooth around her bosom twine,
And float, a silk veil, o'er the snowy shrine.

Her form elastic rivall'd every grace,
That smiled assuasive o'er her perfect face. 50
Fleet as the chamois skims the bending dew,
Through grove, and mead, at morn Louisa flew ;
Kiss'd dawning sweets, that shook their crystal bells,
The timid floret opening all her cells ;
Sees the blithe kids o'er scented herbage rove, 55
And the poised lark attune his hymn of love.
And oft, at eve, when balmy leaflets sigh,
And fires delicious arm the kindling eye ;
In vistas laid the glossy chesnuts play,
To screen her slumbers from the glare of day. 60

Eve's car descends ! the green-tress'd naiads swim
The buoyant flood, and dash the silvery limb ;
While pleasure-bugles woke the cheering swell,
O'er pearly grot, wild shore, and winding dell ;
And whispering rocks in fainter echoes sound, 65
As fainter still the music dies around.
Lured by delight, Rosario treads the grove,
The soft retreat of Solitude and Love.

He sees ! he gazes ! ah ! what tongue can speak !

A light blush mantles o'er her angel-cheek : 70

One snowy arm upon her bosom laid,

One snowy arm supports the sleeping maid ;

On a gay bank, where heath-bells sweetly blow,

And azure waves in cool luxuriance flow.

There had she twined fantastic wreaths, to deck 75

With branching gold her timid favourite's neck,

A graceful fawn, that gambol'd by her side,

And dipp'd his bosom in the limpid tide.

She wakes ! she starts ! a rich suffusion dyes

Her varying cheek, and lights her timid eyes ; 80

O'er every charm delicious languors stream,

In every glance attractive beauties beam :

High throbs the pulse ; the gushing rills pervade

Each vital vein, and paint a deeper shade ;

On the pink lips, the neck bewitching, glow, 85

And streak with purple bright the breast of snow.

Thus the thrill'd nerves, as fires electric dart,

Shoot o'er the frame, and vibrate to the heart !

By love seduced, Rosario joys to roam,
Far from his childhood hills, his sylvan home. 90
Yet still untold, the vows reluctant hung
In mute confusion on his lingering tongue :
Ye blushing fair ! the soft perfection teach,
The silent “ eloquence that passeth speech ;”
Ah ! tell how true, in spell of magic fine, 95
The matchless graces of expression shine !

Both form’d for love, attractive Loves attired ;
Excelling charms in either form conspired :
O’er the fond youth the jocund summers break,
That fledge with down the ruddy-mantled cheek ; 100
In gay Louisa’s fascinating mien
Sport the rich graces of unmatch’d sixteen.

Now, urged by doubt, he roams the olive grove,
And hope and fear alternate empire prove :
Now by the grey-moss rock he musing leans, 105
Nor smile the almond bowers, the pansied scenes.

Hush'd is the wood ; in slumber sweet reclined,
 No tremulous aspen shivers in the wind :
 Fair as the haunts, where erst in vernal hours
 The rose-lipp'd Zephyr crown'd the queen of flowers ;
 And piping Pan, and all the Satyr train, 111
 In festive gambol beat the scented plain.
 Then, he attunes to love his light guitar,
 And hovering echoes float the strains afar.

CANZONETTE.

Cease, fond bosom, nor complain ! 115

Fire her eye, but ice her heart ;
 What of smiles ? she smiles at pain !
 Smiles but barb the burning dart.

Maid so dear ! my soul adores thee !

Sooth, ah ! sooth my fears to rest ! 120

Smile, sweet maid ! a smile restores me,
Gives back hope, and makes me blest !

When forlorn, for thee I languish,
Say then, cruel ! wouldst thou fly ?
Leave this aching heart to anguish ? 125
Hear me mourn, and see me die ?

Louisa hears with joy the tender woe,
And smiles, the hope responsive to bestow ;
Her lucid eye emits a quivering fire,
The chasten'd glow of innocent desire. 130

The milk-white swan thus skims the fluid way,
And sees her silver down, reflected, play ;
Hides, with delight, her osier isles among,
And trills in music sweet her plaintive song.

Love slyly laughs, and bids gay Hymen bind 135
The hallow'd wreath, to link the kindred mind ;

With genial torch to gild the nuptial hour,
And o'er the scene propitious pleasures pour !

Nor blush, Philander, if in votive lay (¹)
The lyre of Love to thee it's homage pay ! 140
When to thy breast young beauty's smiles endear
A virtuous heart, unvarnish'd and sincere :
Her eye of blue the rural Loves illumine,
And on her cheek the wildwood-roses bloom.

'The cottage-fair, from Harrow's flowery side, 145
Philander wooes, nor wooes to be denied :
" No friend (she says) of wealthy store we claim ;
No deeds of prowess gild our humble name."
Content with what he views, he seeks no more,
No deeds of prowess and no wealthy store. 150
The maid he loves ; he wins her tell-tale eyes,
Crowns modest worth, and clasps his blooming prize.

How pure the bond ! how feathery-footed flies
The first-born hour, when sympathies arise !

When sunny Love, unsullied and supreme, 155
Weaves in gay hue enchantment's silken dream.

Ah ! whence the change, when not a pleasure smiles,
And not a charm the penance-day beguiles ?
When palsied age, absorb'd in peevish fear,
Chills with a frown ; nor melts at beauty's tear ? 160
'Tis hoary winter rifles all the spring,
And plucks the rose from Love's expanded wing !
Or, torn in early bloom, parental power
To death consigns the sweet attractive flower !
Else, could the fair with youth and beauty blest, 165
By all the Loves and all the Graces drest,
For wrinkled wealth true happiness resign,
In the poor harlotry of gold to shine ?

Spirit of light ! who from the ambient sky
Bidd'st the fine shaft to every bosom fly ; 170
Whose glow in wildest haunts the breast pervades,
In Arab deserts, or Canadian shades ;

And o'er the polish'd mind more sweetly pours
Thy soften'd joys and love-embosom'd hours :
Say, by what impulse springs the ravish'd heart 175
A bliss to own, a rapture to impart ?
Why the bright smile, ere now unfelt, appears
More lovely far than each that fancy wears ?
What the pure source, congenial spirits, speak !
When the first crimson flushes o'er the cheek ; 180
When the first sparkle quivers in the eye ;
When the first throb awakes the raptur'd sigh !

Touch'd by thy wand, each iron bosom feels,
And melts to bliss as passion's glow reveals.
In motliest shape the pleasing visions swell, 185
Nor age nor genius wards the potent spell ;
Mid tropic fires, mid polar frosts, it thrills
On Lybia's sands, and bleak Columbia's hills.

Lamented André ! o'er whose early bier ⁽²⁾
The muse of Seward pours the patriot-tear ; 190

The laureate bowers, the clustering myrtles weep,
As pity points where youth and glory sleep !
Thy pensive fate the bending virtues mourn,
And crowd with weeping Loves thy funeral urn !
Bereft Honora ! though the icy shade 195
Blight thy fine form, and bid thy dimples fade ;
Though in rich bloom no more we joy to trace
Thy cheek's fine glow, thine eye's illumined grace ;
The lovely harmonist, in plaintive swell,
Chaunts hallow'd requiems o'er thy narrow cell. 200

Nor youth's bright tints, nor beauty's seraph smile,
A parent's prudent cruelty beguile !
Bid soft affection melt the flinty soul,
Or pierce the adamant of stern controul.

With starry night behold the mourner rove 205
The hills of slain, to clasp her clay-cold love ; (3)
Wind 'round his gory neck her ivory arms,
And press his lip, and hang upon his charms ;

The manly form that stemm'd in glorious might
The crested terrours of the doubtful fight, 210
No more with conquest plumed returns to grace
The winning smiles of Ariana's face.

And shall no pang the callous bosom feel ?
O'er the sear'd heart no dews of pity steal ?
Yes ! the proud cheek may yet be blanch'd with fear ;
Ambition's eye be sainted by a tear ! (4) 216

In fatal prejudice what visions roll,
To dim the blaze of Eloisa's soul ! (5)
With sophist chain the wings of truth to bind,
And cramp the vigour of th' aspiring mind ! 220
Love bids her son the robe of science steal,
And screen his fond eye in her sober veil ;
In learning's lore his rosy snares dispense,
And mask with reason passion's eloquence.
The boy, submissive to maternal care, 225
Soils his gold curls and apes the stoic air :

His frolic eyes no more exulting beam ;
O'er his white brow no golden ringlets stream.
Soon from his bow the amber shaft he wings :
Soon in her heart the tingling arrow rings. 230

No more disguised, the urchin peeps to view,
Now bloom his dimpling cheeks with brighter hue ;
Unwonted sparkles quiver as he speaks,
And gems of pleasure dew his sobbing cheeks.
As her rich lip with melting kiss he press'd, 235
Her glowing frame a softer thrill confess'd :
Delighted, won, she hails the new alarms ;
And sinks, embosom'd in his 'circling arms.

Undying Love sway'd Eloisa's heart,
In early bloom from life's fond hopes to part ; 240
Chill'd the warm blood that fed recorded fires,
And throb'd in every vein to soft desires ;
Led the pleas'd victim to a living tomb,
To "watch and weep" in solitary gloom :

Yet Love alone the crimson fountain sips, 245
And Love alone is pillow'd on her lips ;
One only smile her widow'd bosom feels ;
One only form along the cloister steals ;
One only voice bids joy enthusiast move,
And melts the soul to harmony and love. 250

When the soft vespers sooth'd each care to rest,
Love unsubdued still triumph'd in her breast ;
Her fervid sighs from Paraclete resound ;
St. Gilda's cells re-vibrate to each sound, (6)
With moans record the well remember'd moan, 255
Count tear for tear, and echo groan for groan.

Doubt not, if female constancy excite
Charms to attract, and virtues to delight !
Say in what heart can nature's ardours prove
A firmer friendship ; or a purer love ? 260
Through toil, and woe, and war's unblest alarms,
The matron clasp'd her Pompey in her arms ; (7)

Explored, with fearless step, where duty led;
The stone her pillow, and the wild her bed !

Her faith to prove, great Portia smiled to bleed, (8)
Ere her loved lord confides the daring deed : 266
Her ivory skin the gushing crimson dyes,
While streams of rapture tremble in her eyes !

Lo ! the fond pair ! where glows the vengeful pyre ;
The circling faggots reddening at the fire. (9) 270
In rival zeal th' intrepid lovers stand,
Court the red death, and urge the hissing brand.
Impell'd by love, Olindo's bosom burns
To spring on fate, and shield the fair he mourns ;
With equal warmth the lovely maid contends, 275
“ Mine is the crime, on me the lot descends ; ”
And longs to prove, in sweet heroic strife,
The bliss by death to save a lover's life !

By Ganges' banks, high plumed with feathery cane,
Where suns perennial flush the snowy grain ; 280

The sweet enthusiast climbs the funeral bed,
Clasps the cold corse, and pillows on the dead.

Nor time can blunt, nor absence can controul
The fine vibrations of the female soul ;
To other haunts and fairer scenes they turn, 285
Feel o'er their joys, and still responsive burn ;
Embalm the hopes that brighter hours confess'd,
By love exalted and by friendship bless'd.
Yes, woman boasts a heart as purely true,
As nature fashion'd or as fancy drew ! 290

Thus, when with rival oars the suitor train
Launch'd the proud prows, to plough th' Ionian main ;
Penelope in grace illusive smiles, (10)
Spreads all her charms, and marshals all her wiles ;
And still the choice with blameless guile delays, 295
'Till, all her toil, Ulysses' smile repays.

Nor should neglect, which galls the generous mind,
The sacred tie of kindred hearts unbind ;

Neglect, that blights with more than Gorgon power
The sunny landscape of an happier hour ! 300

How dear the fair, whose mild and cheerful mien
Can gild life's little shades with hope serene !

No harlot rouge bids nature's roses fly,

Or lights the wanton radiance of her eye ;

But prudence speaks in each ingenuous ray, 305

And gay good humour's orient beauties play.

And, should the truant-heart eccentric roam,

With winning grace she lures the wanderer home ;

The soft allurements speed in duty drest ;

And clasps the dear offender to her breast. 310

Thus Cæsar's sister, hapless consort ! strove

With the cold pangs of unrequited love ;

With lenient balm bade mercy's sigh assuage

Th' indignant throbbings of a brother's rage ;

And breathed with magic mild her generous breath, 315

To snatch her guilty Antony from death.

Hark ! to Æolian harps the maniac sings,
While sunny hope paints love's ambrosial wings !
No plaintive dirge marks Henry's holy grave ;
'Round his loved form no foaming billows rave : 320
Far other sounds her 'raptured ear invade,
Far other visions bless the happy maid !

Two little days on gilded down had flown,
Since the fond youth first call'd the fair his own ;
When the war-drum beat loud the martial call, 325
His bride he leaves, to conquer or to fall.
As by his side the temper'd steel he binds,
His nodding plumage dances to the winds ;
A transient smile her fainting spirit charms,
He clasps the pensive beauty in his arms ! 330
“ Ah ! think (he sighs) though honour's high behest
Beat the alarum in thy soldier's breast,
His heart with thine can melt in fondest care ;
Would sooth thy fears, thy kind emotions share ;
Yet, dear one, say ! would'st thou in sloth confine 335
These eager arms, now rivetted with thine ?

And givé this bosom to the whelming sod ;
My name unknown ; my path of fame untrod !”

And now, by glory roused, he ploughs the flood,
Where lash'd by storms the giant Pharos stood. 340
Nile's foamy shore the dauntless Britons gain,
And fame's own banner fans the laurell'd plain. (12)
As near the foe th' intrepid hero stands,
And points the tube, and fires his native bands ;
In wheeling charge th' impetuous hussärs rush, 345
From Henry's breast the vital torrents gush :
Soon, fainting life sustains the heart no more ;
In victory's lap he sleeps, on Ægypt's shore.

Yet hope still cheats the lovely maniac's hours,
And decks her pillow with the gaudiest flowers ; 350
Still partial fancy gilds the lurid skies,
With the bright magic of her rainbow dyes ;
And memory pictures in her fairy dream,
Scenes ever-loved, and joys that dearer seem.

Now the poor maniac strews with roses gay 355
The bridal couch for Henry, far away ;
Now sees, or thinks she sees, the tall bark nigh
Cleave with exulting prow the billows high :
The melting lute, in symphony of song,
Soft pity swells, her weeping groves among. 360

Come, love, for thee the couch I strew,
It's cushions gay of bridal bloom ;
A bed of roses dipt in dew,
And bathed in sweets of spring-perfume !

No, false one, stay ; yet, yet behold 365
The form so dear, as once you swore :
Are soil'd my waving locks of gold ?
And roll my azure eyes no more ?

Are pale the lips, by rubies fed,
With honied smiles that pouting shone ? 370
Are white the cheeks of carmine-red,
That blush'd for you, and you alone ?

How dark is the night ! and how cold is the dew !

See the spangles, that silver my hair !

Loud whistles the storm, but no Henry's in view : 375

Ah ! my bosom it burns in the air !

Now the moon gilds the deep ; lo ! the canvass, it swells ;

And the ocean reflects the blue sky ;

And the zephyrs breathe soft, from their balm-scented
cells,

To woo the white sail with a sigh. 380

List, list, he sings ! the warrior sings !

“ Thy soldier flies his faith to prove ;

“ Yes, yes, to clasp thee, see ! he springs !

“ My true, my only love.”

How lorn the man for whom the vices spring, 385

And shake contagion from their mildew'd wing !

Whose hour of pain no cordial smile can cheer,

But lives unloved, and dies without a tear !

Though vicious joys their giddy circle run,
His soul is faint, by fancied bliss undone, 390
And true to vengeance, ruin hoards her store,
When folly's syren-song enchants no more.

Ye, whose fine hearts with glow enthusiast prove
The flow of pity, and the fire of love ;
At reason's call, O ! recollect your kind, 395
And rouse the dormant energies of mind :
Or soon uncheck'd, beneath its Lunar sway
Life's lessening flood with murmurs ebbs away !

As, when o'er Norway's wastes the traveller goes,
Keen cut the winds, that sweep the drifted snows. 400
Should fatal torpours o'er the senses creep,
No pitying angels overwhelm his lids in sleep :
Lethargic slumbers dim the glazy eye ;
And, if subdued he sleeps, he sleeps to die. (13)

Yon tall grass wild, where high the lime-trees wave, (14)
Moans in the breeze o'er Werter's lonely grave. 406

Victim of frenzy! pencil'd in each hue,
As gaudy fine as fancy ever drew!
The fiery shaft to shun he feebly tries,
And sinks beneath the lightning of her eyes. 410
One meteor ray illumines the ambient gloom,
It dimly hovers o'er the clay-cold tomb;
And points, blest harbinger! the happier shore,
Where Charlotte blooms, to fly his arms no more.

O! let the maid, when hope's gay whispers speak,
And light the warm suffusion on her cheek; 416
Though her thrill'd nerves soft passion's ingress feel,
From the dear youth th' intrusive guest conceal;
Ne'er let his dubious vows her bosom move
To soft confessions of confiding love; 420
Ne'er let her scorn the barriers fenced by pride,
Where truth, esteem, and modesty preside!
Else will the lovely victim, left to mourn,
Her victor curse, yet weep for his return!

His tide where foaming Adria pours, 425
And Venice swells her marble towers;

And bright an hundred turrets gleam,

Reflected in the mirror-stream ;

There skims the Gondola along,

With silver oar and plaintive song : 430

As lorn the graceful mourner sings,

And tears bedew the sighing strings.

CANZONETTE.

One only youth I fondly loved,

I thought him true, the hope was vain !

For soon his heart a rover proved, 435

And left this bosom nought but pain !

Though to each flower by Brenta's stream,

As swift we cut the glassy tide,

He swore our hearts (ah ! fade the dream !)

Nor time should change, nor fate divide. 440

Soft was the flute he pensive play'd ;

So sweet he sigh'd, he look'd so true ;

My heart he won : fond easy maid !

He own'd no heart, that beat for you.

On the mute oar, the gondolier 445

Attentive lists the melting strain ;

It soothes the heart, it charms the ear ;

But never, never wakes again !

And see ! all loose, o'er Leucate's rock reclined,

Beauty's fair tresses stream upon the wind ! (15) 450

Light swells the lyre, with music's echoes fraught,

And each fine string glows eloquent with thought !

See, now the Lesbian mounts the giddy brow,

While loud and wild the surges roar below ;

O'er the proud cliff the sparkling billow braves, 455

Springs into air, and sinks amid the waves.

Connubial love ! thy smiles, diffusive, light

The virtuous heart to innocent delight.

Shrined in thy breast, entranced affection lies,
And lights the tell-tale magic of thine eyes. 460

Recal the scenes, when infant passion sprung,
And thrilling music on each accent hung ;
When the new heart, by hopes seductive fed,
Felt beauty's fire, and waked as from the dead ;
Bade through each vein exulting currents swim, 465
Tuned the mute nerve, and poised the elastic limb ;
Gave to expression's grace a richer glow,
The eye to sparkle, and the cheek to blow ;
Then say, how soft the retrospective view
Endears the past, and lures us to pursue ! 470

Thus when, for home unfurl'd his eager sail,
The ardent sailor wooes the favouring gale,
O'er well-known waves his dancing ensign steers ;
The land-marks rise, the nearing shore appears ;
With thousand joys each distant vision teems, 475
Of halcyon hours, and sweetly cherish'd dreams !

How dear to her he meets, each danger o'er,
The reflux tide that wafts him to the shore !

Should heaven propitious crown the nuptial prayer,
And prattling cherubs wake parental care ; 480
O'er budding cheeks when infant roses rise,
And twinkling lustres light the starry eyes ;
How sweet the task, the flexile thought to mould,
And childhood's germs of fancy to unfold !

Lo ! on that couch no throb the heart illumines ; 485
His icy lance the tyrant grim assumes !
Yet, power of Love ! e'en here thy beams dispel
The gloom, where pain and melancholy dwell ;
Thy lenient balsam soothes the barbed hours,
And strews the pillow with its latest flowers. 490
O ! flatterer sweet, who pour'st a lucid ray
O'er the calm close of life's eventful day ;
When bliss no longer spurs the torpid heart,
It's pulses flutter, and it's joys depart ;

In the dread hour, when worlds unknown invite 495
The struggling soul to urge th' unmeasured flight,
O'er the glazed eye thy duteous ardours shed
A lambent smile, and raise the fainting head ;
Thine incense mingles with the parting breath,
And gilds with faith and hope the gloom of death ; 500
Thou bidd'st the soul while calm, serene the breast,
Take the dove's wings, and far from sorrow rest !

When pensive memory wakes from every cell
The sleeping visions, that she loves so well ;
True to her call, their long-lost beauties give 505
A semblance fair, that seems again to live ;
And still it charms, as faded pleasures smile,
To see the cheat the mourner's heart beguile !

There, sorrowing angels grace the marble bed,
And bind their garlands 'round the patriot's head ! 510
There o'er his bier Serena steals to lean,
And thinks she sees him, as she once has seen !

His was the heart, to honour's impulse true,
The base to scorn, the lofty to pursue ;
By rank emblazon'd, and by fortune graced ; 515
Too wise to hoard, too provident to waste ;
His every thought and every action just ;
His sovereign's stay, his weeping country's trust :
Ah ! yet, Serena ! o'er those ashes bend ;
Those were Palæmon, and the muse's friend ! 520

When, launch'd by fate, the shaft unerring flies,
To dim the hope that laugh'd in beauty's eyes ;
O'er the sad grave, and 'round the fluted urn,
We pansies strew and softly pensive mourn ;
The well-known step in every wind we hear, 525
The voice so loved yet charms affection's ear ;
In gay illusion smile the form, the face,
Rich in each tint and glowing in each grace.

O ! crowd with rival sweets Sabina's tomb,
And give her turf to wear immortal bloom ! 530

For there inurn'd earth's purest beauties rest ;
Strew then with purest flowers her lily-breast.

Ye wedded fair ! if passion's guilty fire
Usurp the heart, and urge the wild desire ;
Far from the bosom let the torch be thrown, 535
And faith and innocence be all it's own !
Soon pleasure dies, the brief delirium o'er ;
But anguish wakes the worm that dies no more.

How changed the hours, as flies the halcyon scene,
Where beauty shone unsullied and serene ! 540
'Round the climb'd knee no prattling cherubs cling,
The infant-lips no vesper anthems sing ;
No fine emotions light the ravish'd eye,
To catch expression's graces, as they fly !
No lisping tongue, no laughing eyes, proclaim 545
A mother's blessing, in a mother's name !
Too late, contrition pours the scalding tear, (16)
To dress in sallow grief the virtues' bier !

Blest is the man, for whom content arrays
Truth's angel smile, and lights with peace his days !
Whose generous heart, each selfish care unknown, 551
Feels other's woes and other's joys it's own ;
Who nobly yields to beauty's radiant charms,
Owns her pure triumph, clasp'd within her arms ;
And joys upon her bosom to repose, 555
When all the soul in thrills of rapture glows.

Yes, Love connubial sheds celestial grace,
And smiles unfading light her blooming face.
Still for calm scenes and rural shades she sighs,
For limpid streamlets and for sapphire skies ! 560
Now climbs, with orient morn, the wood-cliff steep,
And marks the first blush on the rosy deep !
Now roves with eve, where spicy arbours swell,
And counts the tinkles of the distant bell ;
As russet toil embrowns the village throng, 565
And festive echo wafts the mirth along.

O ! ever thus let woman's witching bloom
Tinge the fair cheek, the lucid eye illumine ;

Bend every nerve to beauty's fine control,
And guide each rising impulse of the soul ; 570
O'er every brow her wreaths of myrtle bind,
And care and sorrow scatter to the wind ;
Bid with strong flame the fire of genius glow,
And weave her lilies 'round his youthful brow !
Yet should, perchance, unhallow'd vows profane 575
Her sainted joys, her snowy altar stain ;
If pride and avarice to her temple move,
O ! frown indignant on polluted love !
Bid snaky hate the nuptial mazes dance,
And keen suspicion dart the jaundiced glance ; 580
Bid jealous fear in livid misery glare,
And feel the icy arrows of despair !

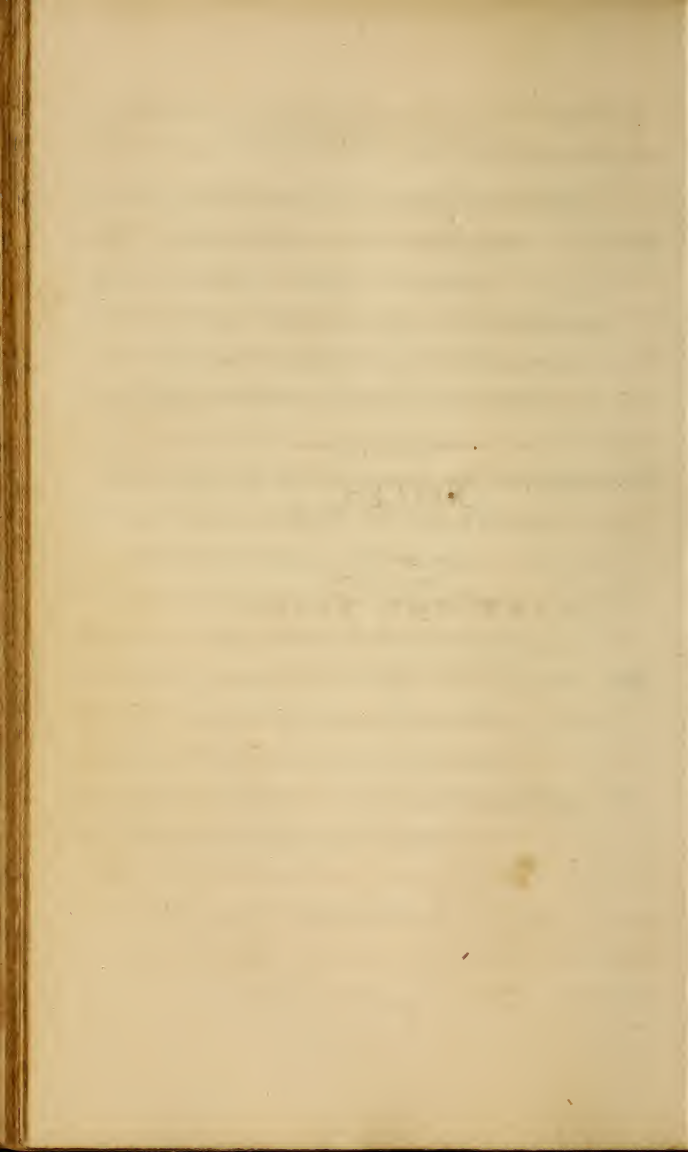
Hail ! sweetest love ! thy vivid colours glow,
Dipt in the smiles of heaven's refulgent bow !
In Eden's vernal bowers, thy nascent charms 585
Won the great sire of mortals to thine arms ;
When, crown'd with gold, the starry choirs sublime,
Attuned their viols to the birth of Time :

E'en in that hour when first entranced, he stood,
And saw thee slumber in the citron-wood! 590
Soft as he prest thy cheeks so rosy fine,
And smoothed with fingers light thy locks divine;
'Thou bad'st each pulse, in high vibration own,
That bliss is nursed in Woman's smile alone.

For say, can all that wealth or pride would give, 595
Bid on the brow a wreath, like beauty's, live?
Can all ambition's spoil a bliss impart,
Like woman's magic on the feeling heart;
The hopes, the joys, the soft bewitching fears,
The smiles, the sighs, the languor of her tears? 600
Her hand unlocks the spring of joy below,
And bids around the streams of pity flow!
Hail, power of Love! on earth each bosom fire,
'Till Time in dread eternity expire!

THE END.

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NOTES.  
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NOTES

ON

PART THE FIRST.

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NOTES
ON
PART THE FIRST.

NOTE 1. Verse 147.

“ The polish’d knee, a fringing curtain, spread.”

The dress of Suzette, as here described, is that worn by the female peasants of the village of Langenau.

NOTE 2. Verse 153.

“ O’er calm Helvetia roll’d the loud alarm.”

This alludes to the violation of Swiss independence, by the First Consul of France, in 1802.

NOTE 3. Verse 192.

“ When near Lausanne the Patriot legions fought.”

The effrontery of French interference roused the patriot bands of Swisserland to arms. A battle was fought near Lausanne, on the 3d October, 1802. The confederates were triumphant : and the peasants of the mountainous cantons were proudly conspicuous in the glory and the dangers of the day.

NOTE 4. Verse 212.

“ Propt on Morgarten’s beamy height.”

“ In 1315, Leopold, Duke of Austria, marched against the confederate cantons, at the head of twenty thousand troops ; and endeavouring to force his way

into Schweitz, at the streights of Morgarten, received a total defeat from thirteen hundred Swiss, who were posted upon the mountains. If we may believe contemporary historians, the Swiss lost but fourteen men in this memorable engagement which insured their independence! In the same year the three cantons, Schweitz, Uri, and Underwalden, contracted a perpetual alliance, which was ratified at Brunnen; and is the grand foundation of the Helvetic confederacy."

(Coxe.)

NOTE 5. Verse 220.

"On Reding's lance she pensive leans."

Aloys Reding, one of the most distinguished leaders of the Swiss patriots, in modern times.

NOTE 6. Verse 279.

“Lo! on that gory beach, the murderers slew
The guiltless Indians of the light canoe!”

In the spring of the year 1774, a robbery and murder were committed on an inhabitant of the frontiers of Virginia, by two Indians of the Shawanee tribe. The neighbouring whites, according to their custom, undertook to punish this outrage in a summary way. Colonel Cresap, a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on those much-injured people, collected a party, and proceeded down the Kanhaway in quest of vengeance. Unfortunately a canoe of women and children, with one man only, was seen coming from the opposite shore, unarmed, and unsuspecting a hostile attack from the whites. Cresap and his party concealed themselves on the bank of the river; and the moment the canoe reached the shore, singled

out their objects, and at one fire, killed every person in it. This happened to be the family of Logan, who had long been distinguished as a friend of the whites. A war ensued, in which Logan signalized himself: but the Indians were finally defeated, and sued for peace. Logan disdained to be seen amongst the suppliants. But lest the sincerity of a treaty should be distrusted, from which so distinguished a Mingo chief absented himself, he sent by a messenger the following speech to be delivered to Lord Dunmore:

“ I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan’s cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, “ Logan is the friend of white men.” I had even

thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbour a thought, that mine is the joy of fear! Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

(*Morse's America*, p. 18.)

NOTE 7. Verse 302.

"Thus wild through Enna's fields the goddess flies."

When Proserpine was carried away by Pluto from

the beautiful plains of Enna in Sicily, Ceres in vain sought her daughter in every part of that kingdom. On the approach of night, she lighted two torches at the flames of Mount *Ætna*, to continue her search over the world. At length, she discovered the girdle of *Proserpine* on the surface of the waters of the fountain *Cyane*; and learned the fatal theft from the kindness of the nymph *Arethusa*.

NOTE 8. Verse 330.

“ Illicit passion owns no angel charm.”

From the earliest antiquity, two goddesses of Love were universally recognized; and their attributes distinctly understood: the *Venus Pandemos* or *Popularis*, and the *Venus Urania* or *Cælestis*. The former, the goddess of wanton, the latter, of virtuous Love.

NOTE 9. Verse 340.

“When down the Cydnus Ægypt’s galley roll’d.”

The beautiful Cleopatra, having supported the conspirators of Cæsar, was summoned by Mark Antony, on his expedition to Parthia, to answer for her conduct. She relied on her charms for an honourable acquittal. Luxuriantly habited in the profusion even of oriental magnificence, which displayed to imposing advantage the splendour of her attractions, she made the conquest of his heart. The victory was fatal! When Antony and Augustus met afterward at Actium, the desertion of Cleopatra early in the action, with sixty sail, ruined the fortunes of her lover, and lost him the empire of the world.

For the elegant description of Cleopatra in her barge, see Dryden’s “All for Love.” (III.)

NOTE 10. Verse 361.

“Cool’d in the gales of yon Ægean isle,
O! wilt thou bask in Beauty’s angel-smile.”

On the subject of Achilles in disguise, in the island of Scyros, see the beautiful cantata of “The Triumph of Glory,” by Metastasio.

NOTE 11. Verse 368.

“Illicit love there kindles war’s alarms.”

The war between Greece and Troy, occasioned by the flight of Helen with Paris.

NOTE 12. Verse 374.

“Lo! Thais leads; the furious torches fly.”

Thais instigated Alexander to the burning of Persepolis: and led the way, it is said, with a torch in her hand.

(*Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's Feast.*)

NOTE 13. Verse 378.

“Here, when Armida weaves the mystic spell,

— — — — —
Remote from glory's camp, and honour's band,
Rinaldo yields to Beauty's soft command.”

In the enchanted island of Armida, when Charles and Ubald enter the gardens, they find Rinaldo the victim of sensuality.

“ Dependent from his side (unusual sight)
Appear'd a polish'd mirror, beamy bright :
This in his hand th' enamour'd champion raised ;
On this, with smiles, the fair Armida gazed.
She in the glass her form reflected 'spies,
And he consults the mirror of her eyes.
One proud to rule, one prouder to obey ;
He blest in her, and she in Beauty's sway.

NOTE 14. Verse 384.

“ Yet when the shield displays, in wild surprize.”

—— Rinaldo, when the knights he spies,
When their bright armour lightens in his eyes,
At once the glorious beams his soul inspire,
His breast rekindles with a martial fire.
Then sudden, forth advancing, Ubald held
Before the youth his adamantine shield.

—— ——— ——— ———
—— ——— ——— ———

— — — —
— — — —
— Awhile the youth in silence mused,
All motionless he stood, with looks confused ;
'Till shame gave way, and stronger anger rose,
A generous anger that from reason flows :
O'er all his face a nobler ardour flies,
Flames on his cheek, and sparkles in his eyes.

Now hastening from the bower, their way they hold,

— — — —

Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered, by Hoole,

B. 16. p. 158, 161—163.

This passage must not be improperly construed. Heaven was never meant as a suicide's reward. An idea so wild and extravagant could not have been cherished but by the miserable enthusiast.

Note 15. Verse 414.

“O! lay me by Cettina’s wave,” &c.

The charming vallies of Koter, watered by the rivers Kerha, Cettina, and Narenta, are inhabited by the Morlacchi, and situated among the inland mountains of Dalmatia. Fortis says that “the female Morlacchi are susceptible of the purest and most lasting attachments. Their sensibility sparkles in their eyes; and they establish a convincing proof that delicacy of sentiment can animate minds, not formed (or, rather, not corrupted) by society, which we call civilized.”

NOTE 16. Verse 438.

“ Thus where Pomona, cradled by the storm.”

The mainland or principal island of the Orkneys is frequently called Pomona, and the *Auroræ Boreales* merry-dancers, by the inhabitants. These are remarkably beautiful and luminous. They constantly appear about twilight in clear evenings, and afford great relief through the gloom of the tedious wintry nights.

NOTE 17. Verse 546.

“ How soon dejected Love the veil resign’d,
That hope’s white fingers wove for Darnley’s mind!”

“ Darnley’s external accomplishments had excited the sudden and violent passion, which raised him to

the throne. But the qualities of his mind corresponded ill with the beauty of his person. Of a weak understanding, and without experience, conceited at the same time of his own abilities, and ascribing his extraordinary success entirely to his distinguished merit. All the Queen's favour made no impression on such a temper. All her gentleness could not bridle his imperious and ungovernable spirit. All her attention to place about him persons capable of directing his conduct, could not preserve him from rash and imprudent actions. Fond of all the amusements, and even prone to all the vices of youth, he became by degrees careless of her person, and a stranger to her company. To a woman, and a Queen, such behaviour was intolerable. The lower she had stooped to raise him, his behaviour appeared the more ungenerous and criminal: and in proportion to the strength of her first affection, was the violence with which her disappointed passion now operated. A few months after the marriage their domestic quarrels began to be observed.

The extravagance of Darnley's ambition gave rise to these."

Robertson's Scotland, b. 4. p. 210.

NOTE 18. Verse 558.

"By her inspired, in fine proportions sprung
Those rounded limbs, in ease attractive hung."

The inimitable statue of the Venus de Medicis.

NOTE 19. Verse 564.

"Creative, here, she blended every hue,
In the rich tints Corregio's pencil drew."

This alludes to a most charming picture at Florence, done by Corregio, representing Love in the bloom of youth.

NOTE 20. Verse 566.

“ O’er sweet Albani’s shed her softest light.”

In the palace of Corsini, at Florence, is a most beautiful picture, by the pencil of Albani. It represents a dance by the Loves, as described in the Poem.

NOTE 21. Verse 612.

“ Where Orellana spurns the ocean’s bound.”

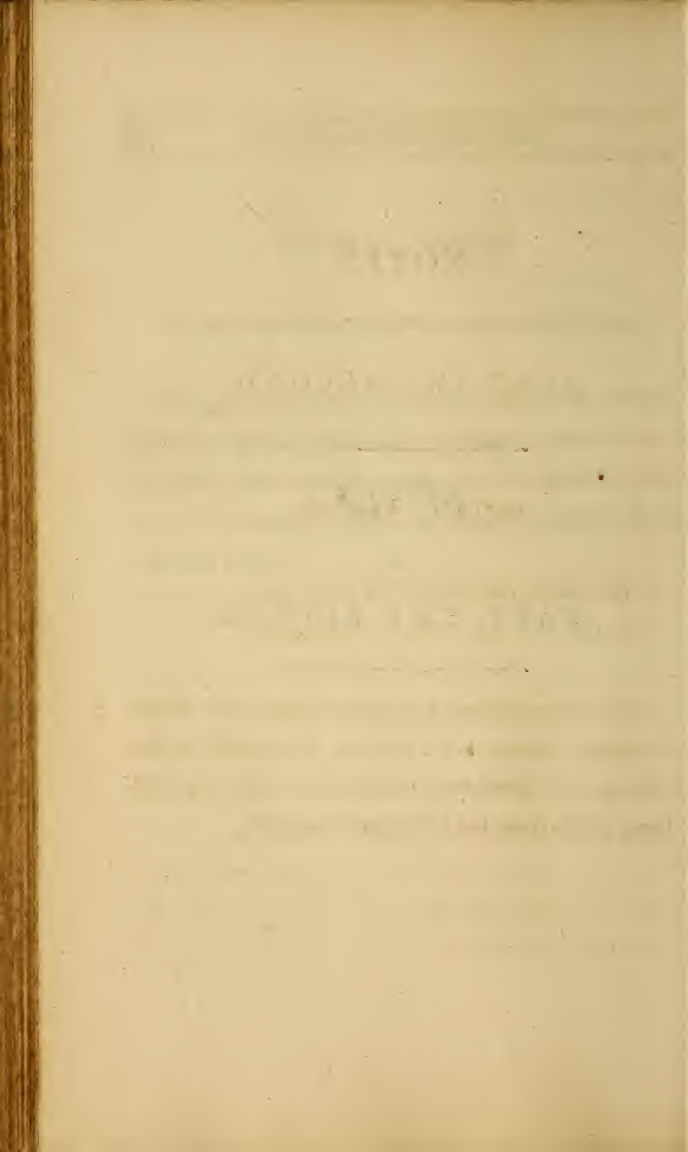
The river Amazon or Orellana has its source amongst the Andes in Peru, and is the largest in the known world. It runs at least three thousand miles. The expression used, “ spurning the ocean’s bound,” is justified by the singular impetus of this river ; for when pouring itself into the ocean (directly under the equinoctial line), it repels the brine to the distance of many leagues from the land.

NOTE 22. Verse 674.

“ Can mould, like love, the inexpressive charm.”

Wealth and power may gratify a temporary vanity, and that gratification may assimilate remotely to a pleasure ; but neither in effect nor in duration can they be compared with the delights resulting from virtuous Love.

NOTES
ON
PART THE SECOND.



NOTES
ON
PART THE SECOND.



NOTE 1. Verse 139.

“ Nor blush, Philander, if in votive lay
The lyre of Love to thee it's homage pay.”

The London diurnal prints some time since related a singular instance of “ Love at first sight,” in the example of a merchant of property in that city, and Jenny of Harrow, the Cottager's daughter.

NOTE 2. Verse 189.

“ Lamented André! o’er whose early bier.”

The unmerited fate of the gallant Major André is known to every heart of sensibility. It is finely depicted in the elegant “ Monody on Major André,” from the glowing pen of Miss Seward.

NOTE 3. Verse 206.

“ With starry night, behold the mourner rove
The hills of slain, to clasp her clay-cold love.”

This alludes to the Episode of Teribazus and Ariana, in Glover’s Poem of Leonidas.

It is here introduced to expose the fatal effects of

irrational pride, in agonizing the acute sensations of the heart.

See Glover's Leonidas, b. 9.

NOTE 4. Verse 216.

“Ambition's eye be sainted by a tear.”

In Xerxes' presence are the bodies placed,
Nor he forbids. — — — —

— — — — —
He in dejection had already lost

His kingly pride, the parent of disdain,
And cold indifference to human woe.

Not e'en beside his sister's nobler corse

Her humble lover could awake his scorn.

The captives told their piercing tale. He heard,

He felt awhile compassion.

G. Leon. b. 10.

NOTE 5. Verse 218.

“ In fatal prejudice what visions roll,
To dim the blaze of Eloisa’s soul !”

Perhaps from Eloisa’s fastidious repugnance to the nuptial state may be deduced all her subsequent miseries. The lovely enthusiast resisted the warmest importunities of Abelard himself, after she had fled to his protection from the care of Fulbert : and preferred, for a considerable period, an unhallowed to a virtuous attachment. So accurately has Pope preserved the spirit of her letters :

“ No, make me mistress of the man I love.”

POPE.

NOTE 6. Verse 254.

“ Her fervid sighs from Paraclete resound,
St. Gildas’ cells re-vibrate to each sound.”

When Abelard was appointed superior of the Abbey of St. Gildas, he removed Eloise from the priory of Argenteuil to the Paraclete, of which she was the first abbess. A Nunnery was founded there by Innocent the 2d in the year 1131.

NOTE 7. Verse 262.

“ The matron clasp’d her Pompey in her arms.”

Cornelia, the wife of Pompey, extolled for her exalted virtues.

NOTE 8. Verse 265.

“ Her faith to prove, great Portia smiled to bleed.”

“ Portia was a daughter of Cato of Utica, and married to Brutus. She was remarkable for her prudence, philosophy, courage, and conjugal tenderness. She gave herself a heavy wound in the thigh to see with what fortitude she could bear pain; and when her husband asked her the reason of it, she said, that she wished to try whether she had courage enough to share, not only his bed, but his most hidden secrets. Brutus was astonished at her constancy, and no longer detained from her knowledge the conspiracy formed against Julius Cæsar.”

NOTE 9. Verse 270.

“Lo! the fond pair! where glows the vengeful pyre;
The circling faggots reddening at the fire.”

See the story of Olindo and Sophronia, in Tasso's
Jerusalem Delivered, b. 2. vol. 1.

NOTE 10. Verse 293.

“Penelope in grace illusive smiles.”

Penelope, in the absence of Ulysses.

NOTE 11. Verse 311.

“ Thus Cæsar’s sister, hapless consort ! strove.”

Octavia, sister to the Emperor Augustus, and married to Mark Antony.

NOTE 12. Verse 342.

“ And fame’s own banner fans the laurell’d plain.”

This refers to the success of the glorious expedition to Ægypt, under General Sir Ralph Abercrombie, at the landing in March 1801.

NOTE 13. Verse 404.

“ And, if subdued he sleeps, he sleeps to die.”

To illustrate this, the following extract from a work lately published may be gratifying.

The scene of action is the island of Terra del Fuego at the southern extremity of America. And the time January, or the midsummer of that inhospitable region.

“ Sir Joseph (then Mr.) Banks and Dr. Solander were desirous of availing themselves of a fine day, which in that climate is very rare, even at that time of the year, to explore a country which had never been visited by any Botanist. For this purpose they went on shore early in the morning, being twelve in company. They presently found great and unex-

pected impediments in their progress, by deep swamps and thick underwood ; so that they were till 3 o'clock in the afternoon employed in ascending a mountain. When suddenly the air, which had been till then serene and mild, became cold and piercing, and snow began to fall ; notwithstanding which, they proceeded in expectation of reaching the rocky part of the hill, which lay before them at a small distance. This perseverance was rewarded by finding a great variety of plants entirely unknown to Botanists. The day however was so far spent that it was impossible to return to the ship that night, and the cold had by this time become very intense, and large quantities of snow had fallen, so that the most dreary prospect presented itself. Whilst they were proceeding in search of the nearest valley, Dr. Solander, who was well acquainted with the effects of intense cold, having passed over the mountains that divide Sweden and Norway, represented to the company the necessity they were under of continuing in motion, how-

ever they might feel themselves attacked by lassitude and sluggishness. He assured them, whoever sat down would sleep, and whoever slept would wake no more.

“ They had not proceeded far before the effects apprehended began to be felt: and he who had thus cautioned others was the first to declare himself unable to observe his own precepts. At length overcome by a stupor he threw himself on the ground, although it was covered with snow. A black servant of Mr. Banks, named Richmond, next yielded to the fatal propensity. In this distress five of the company were sent forward to make a fire at the first convenient place they could find, while the rest continued with the doctor, making use of every means to keep him awake. The poor negro was so overcome with fatigue, that, being told he must keep in motion, or he would be frozen to death, he replied, that he desired only to lie down and die. At length all the en-

deavours of the company were ineffectual, their whole strength was not sufficient to carry their two exhausted companions, so that they were suffered to sit down, and in a short time fell into a sound sleep. In a few minutes after, news was brought that a fire was kindled at the distance of about a quarter of a mile. Dr. Solander was then waked with great difficulty, but during his short sleep his muscles were become so contracted, that his shoes fell off from his feet, and he had almost lost the use of his limbs: but all attempts to wake the servant were ineffectual. Two men who seemed to have suffered the least by the cold, were left to look after him; and in a short time two others were sent to their relief. One of the former rejoined the company, but the other was quite insensible. Their companions however made them a bed of boughs, and spread the same covering over them to a considerable height, and in this situation left them.

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It was not till 6 o'clock in the morning that they could discover the place of the sun through the clouds which then began somewhat to disperse. With foreboding apprehensions, they went in search of poor Richmond and the other man, whom they found quite dead."

See Geography, by the Rev. Mr. Goldsmith.

NOTE 14. Verse 405.

"Yon tall grass wild, where high the lime-trees wave."

"At the corner of the church-yard, which looks toward the fields, there are two lime-trees; it is there I wish to rest."

Werter's last letter to Charlotte.

NOTE 15. Verse 449.

“And see ! all loose, o’er Leucate’s rock reclined,
Beauty’s fair tresses stream upon the wind !”

“There is a promontory of Acarnania, called Leucate, on the top of which was a little temple dedicated to Apollo. In this temple it was usual for despairing lovers to make their vows in secret, and afterwards to fling themselves from the top of the precipice into the sea, where they were sometimes taken up alive. This place was called ‘the Lover’s Leap.’ Those who had taken this leap, were observed never to relapse into that passion. Sappho tried the cure, but perished in the experiment !”

Spectator, vol. iii. 223.

NOTE 16. Verse 547.

“Too late, contrition pours the scalding tear.”

No vice calls so imperatively for censure, or wounds so keenly, as the seduction of conjugal affection. The epicure and the drunkard may surrender health and reason to sensual propensities. *These* vices, however, admit of some reparation to society. But no adequate atonement can be offered for the pillage of domestic happiness.

THE END.

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MONTHLY REVIEW, May, 1804. p. 41.
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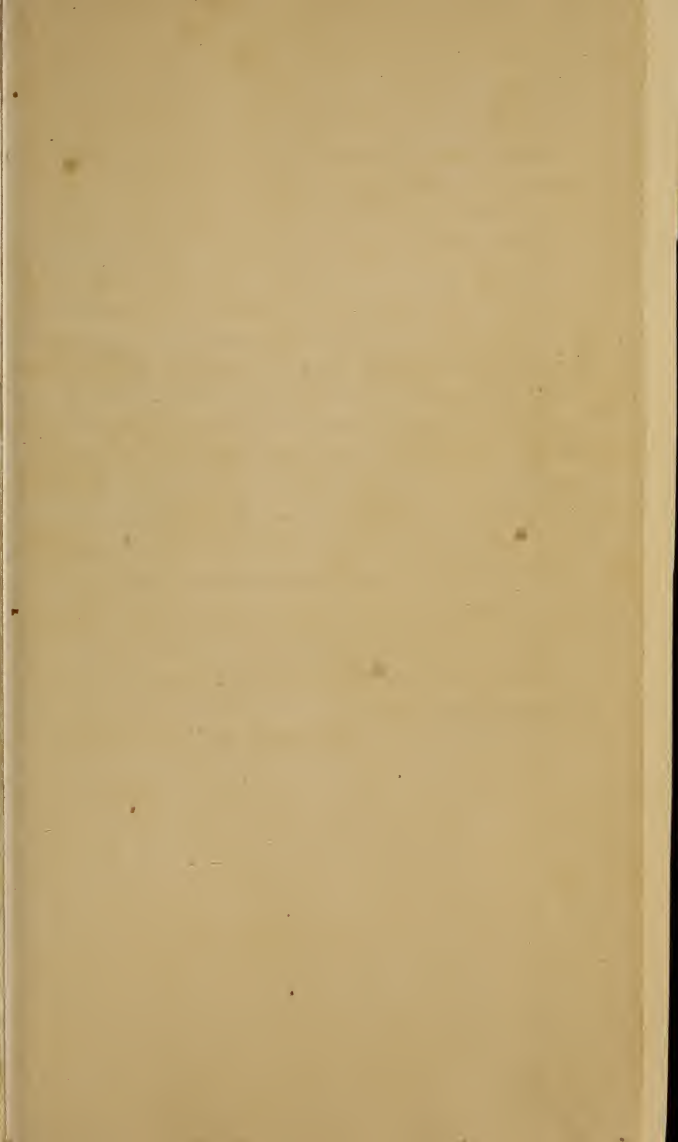
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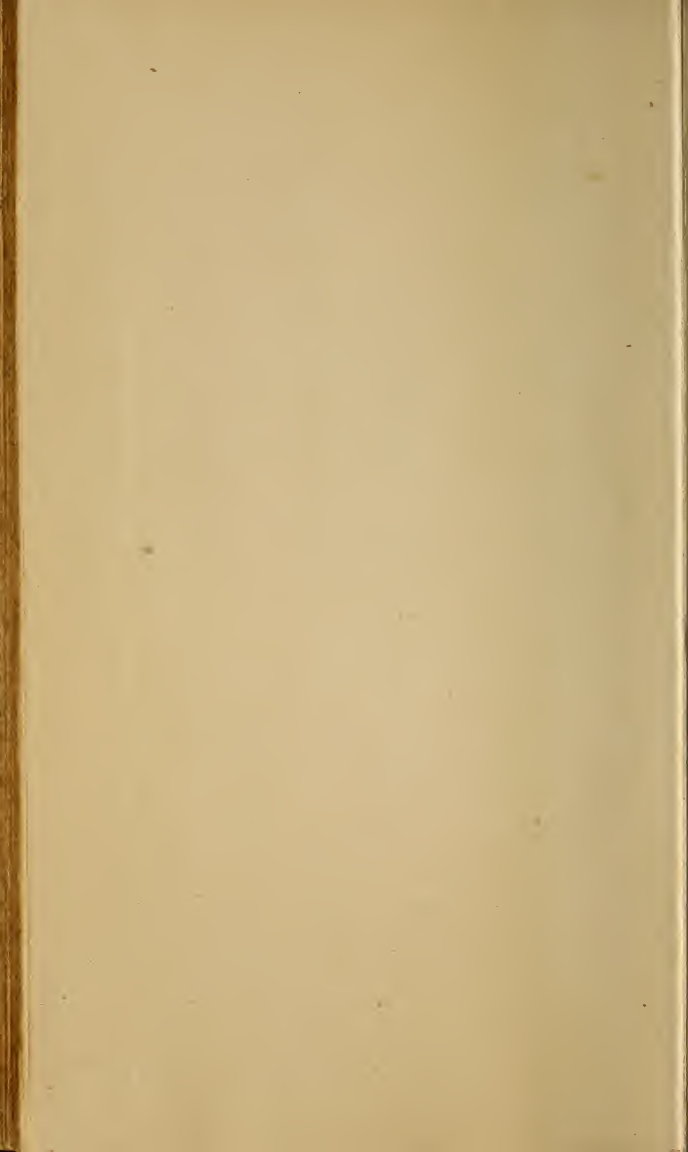
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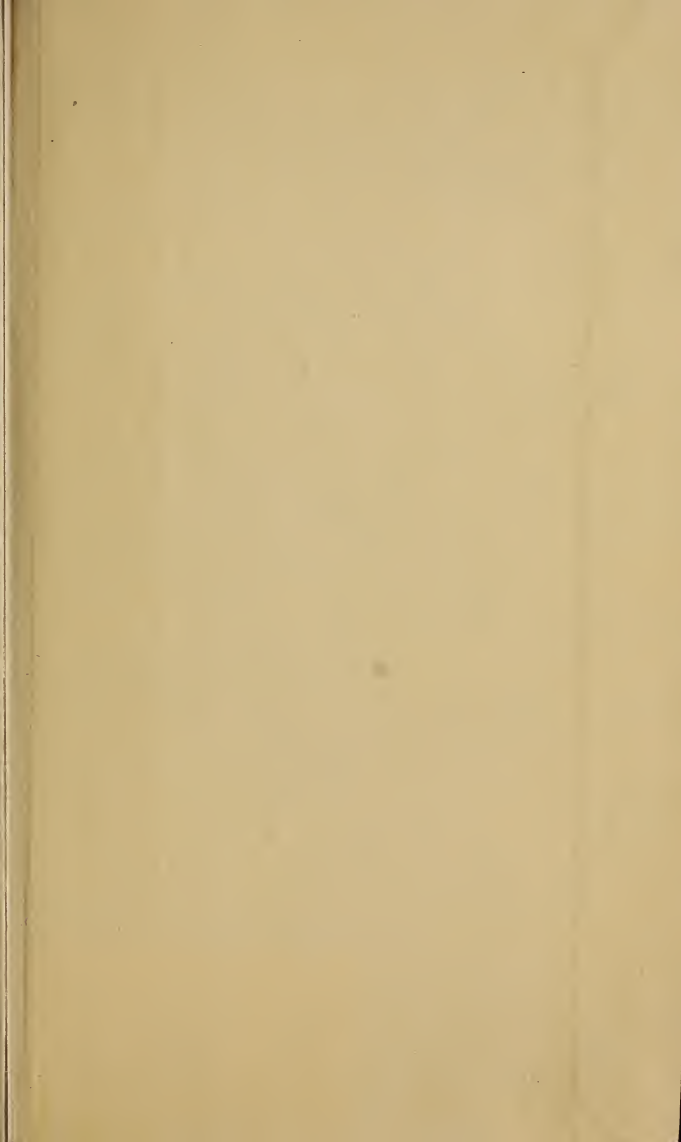
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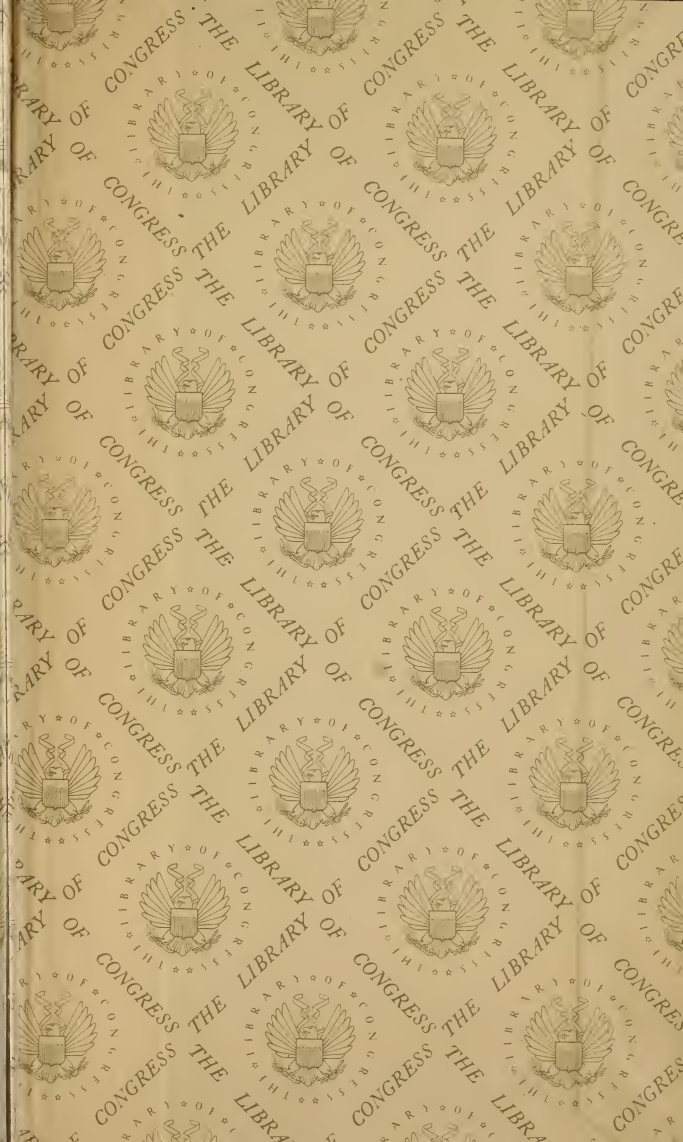


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